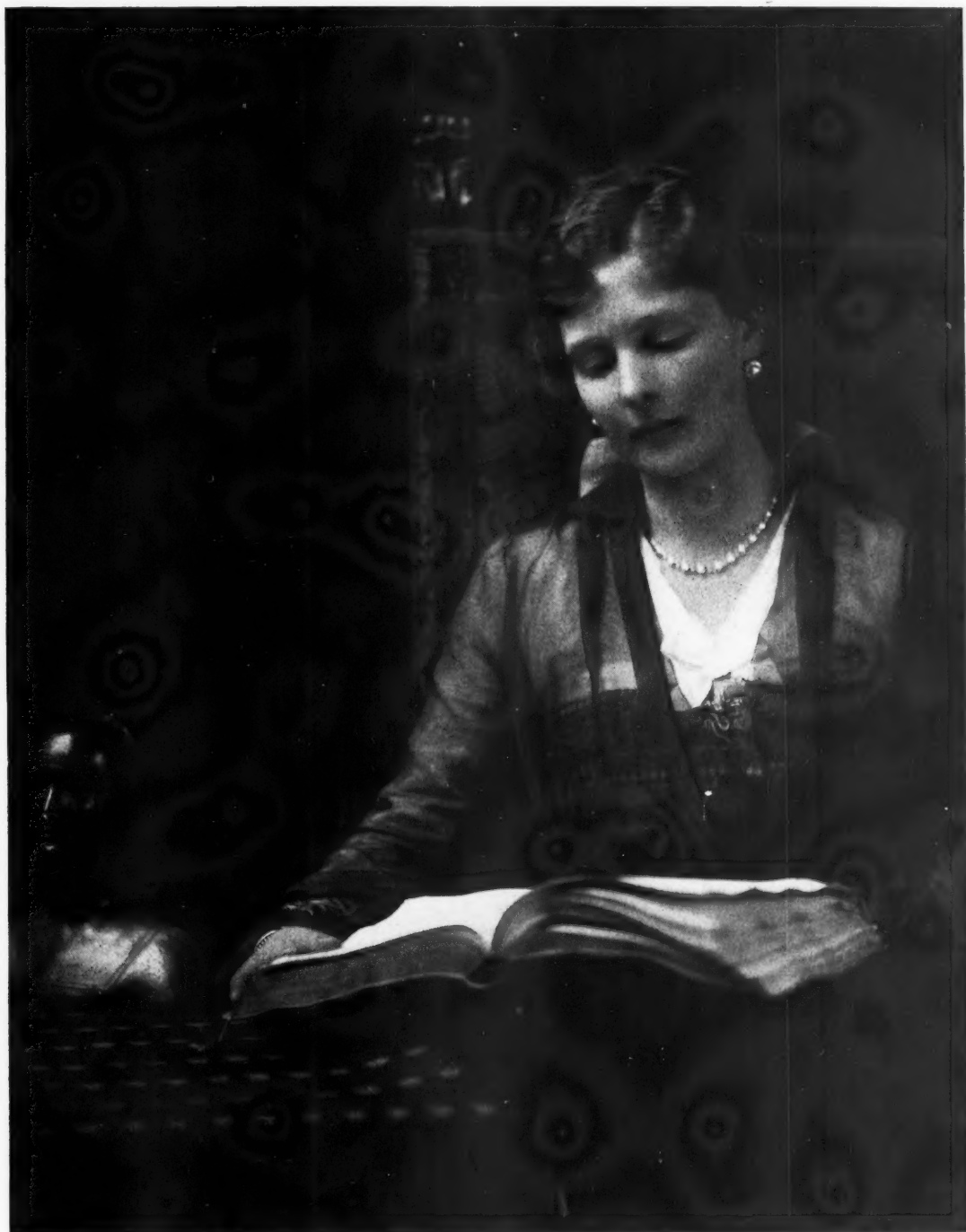


# COUNTRY LIFE

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E. O. HOPPE

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## MARKET MUSEUMS FOR FARMERS.

AN important problem at the present moment is to teach the average English farmer how to buy and use artificial manures. He has a dim perception that the situation requires him to do so. It is patent to the dullest intelligence that a few who have set themselves the task of acquiring this knowledge have thereby won much profit. There is consequently a manifest tendency to increase the employment of artificials, but the farmer who has not been to college, and he is still in a huge majority, does not know exactly how to set about it. Moreover, it puzzles him to find that there are almost as many failures as successes. The truth is that he has inherited from his agricultural ancestry a tradition that the best of all manure comes from the farmyard, and its use is very simple. Scarcely a crop fails to respond to what a famous North Country agriculturist used to call "Plenty o' muck: plenty o' good muck, sorr." And the more scientific practitioners of this generation do not question its

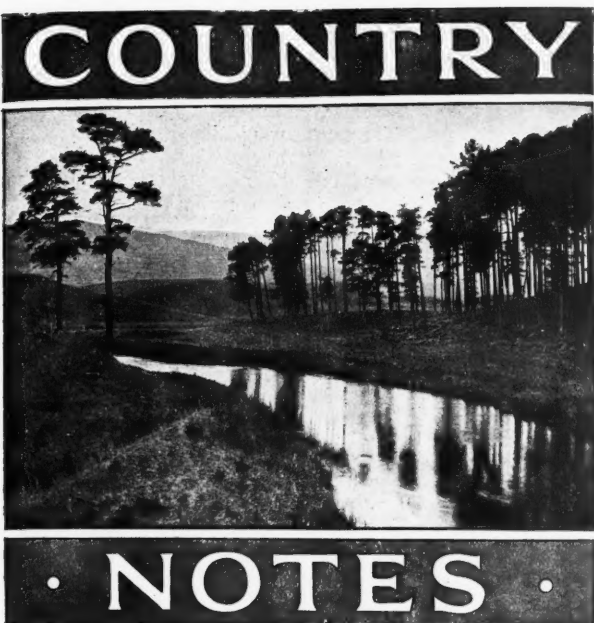
virtue. Barring Professor Bottomley's auximones, which are, as yet, only the plaything of a few, there is no better fertiliser than farmyard manure. But the quantity is limited and diminishing. Within a thirty or forty mile radius round London it used to be common for the farm supply to be eked out with that from the stables of the omnibus and tramway companies and those of the great stores and distributing agencies, but these sources of supply have in recent years failed and it has become most necessary to find a substitute for them as supplements to the farmyard. In that way a huge number of farmers have been forced to turn their attention to artificials. These men are not as a rule highly educated and usually proceed according to the precept or example of such of their neighbours as are exceptionally clever and successful.

But ignorance is a bad ally. Artificial manures cannot be used with advantage in the same indiscriminate manner as farmyard manure. The latter contains within itself practically every constituent of plant food, so that the law of the minimum is observed whether the farmer knows it or not. In point of fact, he does not know it. We refer, of course, to the ordinary working tenant, not the one of exceptional gifts or intelligence. The former uses nitrate of soda, for instance, and discovers that it may do harm to his land in the long run, although it will much help the growth of his crop of grass in the present. Often we have heard such a man explaining that this particular artificial was ruinous on his land, although he knew somebody only a few miles off who got the best results and used what appeared to him considerable quantities. On enquiry it will always be found in such a case that the successful man is one who has taken the trouble to understand the part played by the particular manure he employs, and he understands also that there is a law of the minimum; that is to say, however well the land may be manured with, say, potash, it also requires phosphates. To all this the Board of Agriculture replies, Are there not agricultural colleges? Are there not agricultural organisers and lecturers? Are we not doing our best to educate the farmer? These queries in a sense can be answered in the affirmative. The Board does exert itself to be an educative agency, but it scarcely takes into account the fact that it somehow fails to reach a certain type of farmer.

We have one in our mind's eye at the moment. He started farming comparatively late in life, and as he had an adequate amount of capital and was possessed of excellent good sense, he went to an agricultural college in the hope of learning something; but owing to his lack of early education he found that the professors spoke to him in a language which he could not understand, and therefore abandoned college and started farming on his own account. He has succeeded wonderfully, and the ignorant might cite his case as that of a man whose experience showed the worthlessness of college training. But it is not so. He, by means of ceaseless reading, enquiry and application of every sort, has managed to obtain a good working knowledge of the soil and its management. He uses a considerable quantity of artificials with the best results, but he would be the first to support the proposal for which this article is written—that in every market town there should be established a kind of museum where the more important artificial manures would be exhibited with fully descriptive labels. The latter would explain how the artificials were made, where they came from, what was their composition, and what lack in the soil they were meant to compensate; and the Board of Agriculture might cause to be affixed from time to time the current price per unit, and even the names of the merchants from whom they were obtainable. This would be of inestimable assistance to the farmer, particularly if he had the right to go in and out at his own will and pleasure without payment of any fee or the answering of any question. The museum could be self-supporting, in the way that farmers would contribute something to the expense of it, and so would manufacturers of artificial manures. Great care would have to be taken that only those were allowed to advertise their name or show their wares who were willing to sell by the unit and according to a guarantee prescribed by the Board of Agriculture. The idea is an adaptation of one which has been effectually put into practice in Flanders; it is not merely fanciful or speculative.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck, who is the only daughter of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany.



**T**OUCHING to a degree and most appropriate is the admirable Order of the Day in which Sir John French took leave of the troops he has so successfully led on the western front. Into this official document he infuses a manliness and humanity which can be commanded only by a man of simple strength. We can easily see that he had before him as he penned the lines those great but critical moments in the history of the Army when the little force at his disposal seemed to have nothing between it and the great crushing heel of the German machine. Sixty thousand men formed indeed a very small army with which to oppose the Kaiser's rush through Belgium. If France had been as well prepared as her enemy, the force might have been just sufficient to turn the scale. As it was, Sir John and his men had to begin the campaign with that most discouraging of military manoeuvres—a retreat. It says as much for his generalship as their valour that, in spite of this beginning, they fought like heroes during all the long sixteen months of that arduous campaign. At the end there came a touch of genuine and warmly felt pathos. We mean his reference to "that great and glorious host of my beloved comrades who have made the greatest sacrifice of all by laying down their lives for their country." It is not for nothing that the British soldiers have developed an affection for Sir John French equal to that which they entertained for Lord Roberts. It would be impossible to say more.

**T**HE first fruits of Lord Derby's recruiting scheme became visible on Saturday last, when a Royal Proclamation was issued calling up the first groups of single men, namely, those aged respectively nineteen, twenty, twenty-one and twenty-two. The Government have gone about this in an admirably business manner. Instead of the wild scramble which took place in the early days of recruiting, the men have received notice that they will be wanted on January 20th, when, presumably, the training will begin. Lord Derby's group system appears to be thoroughly justified in its results. He told a meeting the other day how it came into existence. Something of the kind was wanted for Lancashire, and at the instigation of Lord Derby himself, the Secretary to the Territorial Association, a Conservative candidate for Parliament and a Liberal candidate for Parliament put their heads together for its contrivance. Thus its origin was absolutely non-political, and experience has shown that the system which served for Lancashire is good enough for the United Kingdom.

**W**HILE the country is most ready to recognise the energy and devotion with which Lord Derby has carried out a scheme in which he put very little faith at the beginning, it would be idle to gloss over the fact that, as Lord Ebury says, Ministers have been behindhand here as in everything else connected with the war. Their delay may very possibly cost the country a third winter campaign and all that is implied by this fact. Suppose the new men begin training on January 20th, it is very evident that they will not be fit to

be placed in the field till the end of August or the beginning of autumn; whereas what is urgently wanted is an army for a strong, bold push early in spring. After all, there is everything in Lord Ebury's contention that when Members of the Conservative Opposition joined the Liberal Government and formed a Coalition, they should have insisted upon compulsory service as essential to their co-operation. The more we see of it, the more we feel ashamed of a system of recruiting which might have been specially designed for the benefit of the shirker.

**N**O game has supplied more similes for describing war than chess, and seldom has it furnished a better metaphor than that of a certain American observer. He puts the view of his country as being that Great Britain holds Germany in perpetual check, and it is only a question of time when that check will be converted into a mate. Players of the game will admire the appropriateness of the simile, only it should be pointed out that if one of the adversaries contents himself with only maintaining a perpetual check, the result is a draw. He must be able to get his pieces up by means of other moves while not relaxing his hold of the perpetual check position. This is exactly what the Fleet is doing. It is holding the seas, but simultaneously finding time to advance forces into position where they will be available and effective. Time, however, is of the essence of the contract, for if you let your enemy squirm too long before administering the effective blow, there is always a chance of him squirming out of your grip and hitting instead of being hit.

**N**OTHING but satisfaction will be felt at the intelligence which comes from the War Office that "All the troops at Suvla and Anzac, together with their guns and stores, have been successfully transferred, with insignificant casualties, to another sphere of operations." They took up the position thus evacuated with a gallantry that has not been surpassed since the day when, not far from the scene of operations, Trojan and Greek encountered in front of Troy. But, like some of our proceedings in the Crimea more than sixty years ago, it was magnificent, but not war. Mr. Winston Churchill's description of the expedition to Gallipoli as a "justifiable gamble" was correct, except for the adjective. Success alone could have made it justifiable. And very great apprehension was felt lest, in the stormy weather just now due, insurmountable difficulties should have arisen in regard to the forces at Suvla and Anzac.

#### CAROL OF THE YOUNG DEAD.

She knew that they were wearied out and tired of war's alarms,  
She gave them her Babe, Jesus Christ, to carry in their arms.  
She bade them rest in green, green fields and on the flowery sod,

And said: "Prepare for Christmastide the little Lamb of God."

They put no sceptre in His hand, nor gold crown on His head,  
They pulled no bough of mistletoe, nor holly berry red.  
They spread no feast, they rang no bell, they made no music sweet,

They touched His eyes, they touched His mouth, they touched His breast and feet.

"Oh Mary, Mother, bear with us, we send Him all forlorn  
To give our mothers back again the day that we were born."

G. JAMES.

**T**HE new edition of "Debrett," published as usual in December, bids fair to become a book of reference in a far wider sense than any of its predecessors. Those responsible for its production have had the thought to make it a record of the war as far as it concerns the peerage, baronetage, knightage and companionship of this country. There is "a full and glorious Roll of Honour" of those reported as killed in action or as having died of wounds since the beginning of the war. It is a melancholy yet proud list, containing no fewer than eight hundred names. Among them are one member of the Royal Family, six peers, sixteen baronets, six knights, seven members of Parliament, no less than a hundred and sixty-four companions, ninety-five sons of peers, eighty-two sons of baronets and eighty-four sons of knights. As it used to be said that every great Scottish family numbered an ancestor who had fallen at Flodden, so with equal truth it will be asserted in the days to come that nearly every family in the United Kingdom lost one member at least in the Great War.



ONE of the most typical Englishmen of his day has passed away in the person of Lord Alverstone, the late Lord Chief Justice. In his youth he was, like so many of his young countrymen, a great athlete, and he remained a sportsman to the end of his days. It is on record that one of his earliest distinctions was gained in the University Sports on March 25th, 1865, when he discomfited the Oxonians by winning both the mile and the two miles race with consummate ease. The man who came in second in the mile was the Earl of Jersey, and in the two miles A. H. Johnson of Merton, so that, little as they knew it, the trio were each to run the race of life with as much distinction and resolution as they exhibited on that famous 25th of March. There is no need for us to recount Lord Alverstone's legal career as the story has been told in all the daily papers since his death. He was called to the Bar in 1868 and took silk in 1878, almost at once becoming one of the most popular lawyers of his day. On the death of Lord Russell of Killowen, Sir Richard Webster, raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord Alverstone, was made Lord Chief Justice of England, next to that of the King the highest position of the realm. He filled it with dignity and unblemished honour until failing health caused his retirement two years ago.

AT the moment great interest is attached to a man of whom the ordinary Englishman knows little more than the name, although that is familiar enough. We refer to Marshal von der Goltz, of whose doings various rumours have recently made their appearance in the papers. He was said, for instance, to have marched through the desert to Baghdad at the head of the reinforcements which upset the calculations of the British Commander in Persia. It is known that for some twelve years he has been hard at work drilling and reorganising the Turkish army, with results that have been only too apparent in the Peninsula of Gallipoli. Another disquieting story is that he is getting troops together for the purpose of carrying out the long threatened invasion of Egypt. There is no doubt that von der Goltz is an extremely capable man who has nursed ambitious projects against Great Britain for a very long period of time, and that he has the tenacity of character to make a strong attempt to carry them out. It is to be hoped that the British Government will not delay till too late the task of discovering exactly what his schemes are and of checkmating them. The Germans cling to their hope of fomenting a great Mahomedan rising.

EVERYBODY who takes interest in the growing of crops is aware of the difficulties which have confronted the farmer this year in his autumn cultivation. In the majority of cases he has done well and exhibited a most praiseworthy energy in getting his wheat into the ground despite the dearth of labour, but in many districts it has been impossible to get the entire crop sown. Those who have failed will do well to read the advice given them by Professor Biffen in the new number of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture* on "The Selection of Wheats for Spring Sowing." Of course, no one is more thoroughly aware than the Professor that you cannot cultivate successfully by merely following directions in a book. He gives a list of varieties of wheat suitable for spring planting, which runs as follows: April or April Bearded, Nursery, Red Marvel, Dreadnought, Red Fife, Burgoyne's Fife and Marquis. Any of these may be sown between the middle of February and the middle of April. But the farmer, before selecting the variety, should make enquiry as to whether it has succeeded on other land in his neighbourhood. It is not possible to say with certainty what new wheat will do well in a given neighbourhood, and as the farmer ought in these days to leave as little as possible to chance, it would be far better for him to enquire of his neighbours which of these varieties named is the most likely to succeed.

IN our correspondence columns to-day Professor Long describes a peaceful revolution that ought to interest all readers at a time when economy is being very closely studied. It might, in other words, be called the metamorphosis of the chop. We all know the objection taken to the excessively fat beasts which win prizes at shows. To suit a taste that is only moderately fastidious it is necessary to pare the greater part of the chop away because it consists of solid fat. Professor Long makes the joyful announcement that it is now possible to produce as thick a chop of exclusively lean meat. We fear that his idea will not be very palatable, however, to those who have reckoned size everything for purposes of show. It is not from the giants of the ring, but from the "half fat" beasts shown in the

carcase competition that the Professor finds economical production of the best and most profitable mutton. The production of fat he characterises as a wasteful process. Far too much is spent upon the food, and in the end nobody in these days sets a great value upon a joint of which the greater part is fat. The moral would be that judges should change their standard. After all, the end and object of fat stock is to be eaten, and an animal should not receive a prize if it yields joints too fat for consumption.

YULETIDE is always in a sense a time of woe. We do not remember a Christmas passing without the death of some celebrity or another being chronicled. This year, in addition to the passing of Lord Alverstone, there are two other brilliant figures who have come to the end of their careers. We mean Sir John Rhys and Sir Henry Roscoe. Sir John Rhys was self made, in the way that he moved upward from the elementary school, in which he was first a pupil and then a pupil teacher, to Jesus College, Oxford, where at the time of his death he was Principal. This is no place to review his work, which lay first of all in the direction of Celtic language and literature, and drifted from that into folk-lore and philology. It may be said of him that whatever he touched he adorned. Sir Henry Roscoe's life was equally distinguished in the realm of mind. He was one of the great pioneers of scientific research. After a course at University College, London, he went to the University of Heidelberg, that home of so many scholars, and became a pupil of the famous Robert Wilhelm Bunsen. His great work, however, was done as professor of chemistry in Owens College, Manchester, a position which he held for no fewer than thirty years. His connection with the college only stopped when in 1885 he became Liberal Member for South Manchester. It is not in politics, however, but in the realm of chemistry that his fame endures.

#### BIDDY'S OFFERING.

Gossoon, you must go the morrow's day  
Down to the grey town far away  
To buy me lilies rare and bright  
For the Lady of Heaven and her delight;

For the Lady Mary and her dear Child  
That left His Heaven for this poor wild,  
That left His Throne and His glory fair  
To help poor mortals in their despair.

Berries I have that I might bring  
But I must have better for Christ the King,  
I must have lilies like soft moonbeams  
And white as His Mother Mary's dreams.

Sure and t'will be the great expense,  
But blessed shall be my Christmas pence,  
For the little Lord Christ will be pleased and come  
And stand by the peat-fire and bless the home.

And it's you must be going the morrow's day  
Down to the grey town on the bay,  
To fetch me lilies for Christmas night,  
For the Queen of Heaven and her Babe's delight.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

THE following letter, signed "F. D. M.," arrived too late for inclusion in its proper place, but as the matter has a special interest for the season we print it here:

The letter of your correspondent about the Waits of Stamford reminds me of a passage in the diary of Pepys. In October, 1667, he went down to visit his father at Brampton, along with his wife, and Willet—"our pretty girl." They stay the night of October 8th at Cambridge, and next day he writes: "Up, and got ready, and eat our breakfast; and then took coach: . . . the town musique did also come and play: but, Lord! what sad music they made! However, I was pleased with them, being all of us in very good humour . . ." On October 11th (the day they start back to London) he writes: "But, before we went out, the Huntingdon musick come to me and played, and it was better than that of Cambridge." The etymology of "Waits" is said by the New English Dictionary to be from Old French "Waite" = a sentinel. Presumably their earliest function, as in their present sorry survival, was by way of serenade at night?

ONE of the most interesting letters we have read for a long time was published in the *Morning Post* of Monday under the title of "Austria in Chains: The German Plot Against Her Commerce." It is a very clear exposition of the situation created by a recent visit of the Kaiser to Vienna and the consequent resignation of three Austrian Ministers. Very wittily a leader writer in the same number



likens the situation created to that described in Prosper Merimee's story, "La Venus d'Ille." It was founded on the legend of a bridegroom who placed a ring on the finger of the bronze statue of the goddess. On the wedding night the statue entered the bridal chamber and claimed the lover. In the morning he was found dead. "It was clear enough that his death had been violent and his agony terrible. Not a trace of blood, however, on his clothes. . . . One would have said he had been squeezed in a hoop of iron." Austria, it need scarcely be said, is the bridegroom who in an evil moment placed a ring on the finger of Prussia, and now Austria is in that grip of iron. Germany for the time being has attained one object of her ambition, and that is direct railway communication between Berlin and Constantinople; but she is out entirely for her own interests, and is beguiling Austria into the Zollverein or Imperial Customs League in order that she may exploit the new business to be done not only on that line, but also on the Baghdad Railway. It is cleverly and clearly worked out, and our readers who desire to understand the situation that has been created in Austria and Hungary by the action of Germany cannot afford to miss reading the letter and the comment on it.

THOSE who know Fawsley only as an agricultural centre and have some memory of the splendid herd of short-horns formed there in the days of Sir Charles Knightley will probably be very much surprised at the volume of reminiscences which Lady Knightley left behind her and which is now published by Mr. John Murray, under the editorship of Julia Cartwright. The agricultural tradition sticks to Fawsley in a manner that is almost inexplicable, as Sir Rainald, who succeeded Sir Charles and eventually married Miss Bowater, the writer of these reminiscences, was more of a wit than a husbandman. He will ever be remembered in the House of Commons by the clever jest made about him by Sir William Harcourt. Lady Knightley was a Court lady, every inch of her, and possessed very extensive sympathies indeed. You turn up one page and find it grave with the solemnity of some philanthropic institution or girls' society, and on another you meet with such a delightful story as Froude the historian told Lady Knightley at dinner one night. Froude had been to breakfast at Lord Houghton's and was rippling over with the memory of Algernon Swinburne standing on the sofa to declaim one of his wildest poems, while Ruskin sailed over the room with outspread arms, exclaiming, "Superb; exquisite."

## THE SECOND CHRISTMAS OF THE WAR

IN the number of last year's issue corresponding to this one, some comment was made upon the new and tragic experience of passing through the Christmas holidays with the shadow of the greatest war the world has ever known hanging over us. It seems a very long time since then if we judge by the importance of the events which the interval has brought forth, and yet the months passed rapidly. The truth is everybody has had more than enough to do. Those capable of bearing arms, if they have not been at the front, have been drilling and training. Others have had their time fully occupied

in organising the voluntary system and helping to bring the entire strength of the Empire to bear. Philanthropic schemes, either to raise money or for actually nursing and providing help for the wounded and solace for the captives, have engaged the energies of no small section. If we look abroad we cannot truthfully say that the Allied Armies have made much advance or even yet entered upon that phase which eventually will be styled the beginning of the end. On the contrary, the armies of the foemen have gone on from victory to victory. Their success may not be as real as some of their friends would like to have us believe.



THE QUIET SURROUNDINGS OF AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

They undoubtedly flow to a large extent from the very thorough preparation that has been going on for thirty or forty years, but it is always a mistake to depreciate the achievements of those who have to be fought. The fact is that in the great and most important centre, that is to say, the

front in France and Belgium, we have more than held our own, and any danger of the Germans breaking through to



WINTER IN FLANDERS.

able, thanks chiefly to their ample supplies of ammunition and long-firing guns, to sweep the invaders backward through the Carpathians, past Warsaw, which they took, and onwards till at one time they threatened Petrograd itself, and Moscow was not deemed safe. Apparently they came to the conclusion

that they had implanted a series of disabling blows, for they afterwards turned their attention to the East and by a huge



PREPARING CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE BOOTMAKERS'.



BREAKFAST, DECEMBER 27TH, 1914.

Paris or opening up a road to Calais is reduced to a minimum. As we write the air is full of rumours about another colossal attempt on the part of the Kaiser to satisfy his ambition in this battle-field. But he nursed dreams of the same kind twelve months ago and they came to nought. In Russia the tide of battle has swayed hither and thither. After the initial success won by our Allies, Germany and Austria directed the whole of their energy to grappling with the Russian advance, and they were

concentration of armies were enabled to overrun Serbia as they had in the first stages of the war overrun Belgium. The first round in that encounter was not fought as well as it

might have been by the Allies. It is true that the soldiers acquitted themselves with more than their accustomed gallantry, but the preparations for withstanding the invasion of Serbia were not adequate. Everybody in an unofficial position seemed to be well aware of the German intention, and it was taken for granted that the various



A SHELLLED PORK BUTCHER'S SHOP AND ITS CHRISTMAS SHOW OF TWO JOINTS ONLY.



Governments were prepared to counter any attacking move. Of course, the Power that ought naturally to have stepped into the arena was Russia, whose championship of the friendly Slav nations and particularly of Serbia, was at least the nominal cause of the present quarrel. But Russia, crippled by the effects of the long war within her own borders, was not able to take a decisive part with the promptitude which would otherwise have been possible. To-day, the situation is that the British and French forces have retired to Salonica, which they are fortifying against any possible attack. The Russians have got together an expeditionary force for the Balkans and the Italians have occupied a great part of Albania, particularly the seaports. Thus the Allied strength is increasing from day to day, and possibly when the next round



#### A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

*Dinner consisted of fried bacon, fried potatoes, Welsh rarebit, plum pudding, tea and cocoa.*



#### A MUDDY CHRISTMAS BUT NO FIRING.

is fought the result will be different. In Gallipoli the most notable feature has been the rejuvenation of the Turk. Few can have dreamed that the effete nation which suffered the most ignominious defeat at the hands of its little neighbouring states in the first Balkan War should have, when a foeman worthy of its steel appeared, developed the old war spirit and fought with great gallantry. Our own soldiers, and particularly the Australians, have added pages of glorious history to our martial records, but theirs is the first and most generous recognition of the gallantry and humanity of the Turk.

This is the situation that will be in the minds of all of us when, soon after these pages are in the hands of our

readers, the Christmas bells will once more be ringing to celebrate the birth of Christ and the message of peace and goodwill which he brought to man.

Like the American poet who went through a similar experience in the sixties, we are tempted to cry: "There is no peace on earth," and yet that confident hope which springs alike from creed and temperament, tells us that in the end Right shall prevail and peace and goodwill spread over the land again like a genial and fertilising flood. In the meantime many will ask how can Christmas be most appropriately celebrated. We refer to those at home: to the soldier the matter presents no difficulty whatever. He in his muddy trenches will take what enjoyment he can get. It is good that his spirit rises above the misery of his surroundings, for, as far as we can learn, the condition of the trenches this year is even worse than it was last year. The pictures which we show of last year's Christmas at the front will help readers to realise what is occurring this year. And no doubt those who begin their day by attending a service, perhaps in such a church as we show on our first page, will be helped by these pictures to realise how their friends and relatives are doing in Flanders. Of course, there is no depression, no melancholy among the men. On the contrary, their spirits rise to the occasion and probably some of them will spend the merriest Christmas of their lives in the danger zone. One of these photographs shows a brazier at which a happy Christmas dinner was cooked. It included fried bacon, fried potatoes, Welsh rarebit, tea, cocoa, and hot boiled plum pudding. Not what we would, perhaps, call ideal fare here, but taken with the sauce that makes the homeliest dish



#### SHELL-HOLE IN A FLEMISH CHURCH.

palatable, namely, a good appetite, whetted by high spirits, it was enjoyed more than many a luxurious meal had been.

A shell hole in a village church just behind the firing line shows the difference between war in Flanders and war in an island like our own. In one photograph a butcher's shop, as will be seen, is not decorated as ours would be with meat labelled "First Prize at Smithfield," or turkeys done up cunningly with rosettes and favours, but only with two joints of pork. It had been hit and nearly wrecked. A pleasanter object to contemplate, a bootmaker's shop turned into a banqueting hall by a number of Tommies, who, after that great luxury at the front—a good wash and clean-up—cooked their own Christmas dinner and enjoyed it with all the rollicking fun of soldiers. We at home scarcely indulge in such jollity, yet we have to remember that Christmas, above everything else, is a festival for the young folk. The majority of them are still at that stage when they have a right to be protected from the care and worry and distress which come to those of mature years. A first duty of elderly people is to make the days of the young as cloudless as they can be made. Therefore, even those whose minds tend at this season to go out more sympathetically than usual to all captives and those afflicted in mind, body or estate, are called upon to put a curb on their natural emotions and to enter as frankly as they know how into the innocent pastimes and amusements of the little folk round about them. We have seen in some of the papers correspondents suggesting what seem to them admirable methods for impressing on the youthful mind a memory of the awful time



through which they are coming. With such efforts we have no sympathy whatever. Sorrow and anguish come so freely that there is no need to go in search of them, and we are perfectly sure that those who are engaged fighting our battles and snatching at as much enjoyment as is possible, would be the very last to suggest that the young people of this country should be made to feel that Christmas this year is a fast rather than a feast. They will eat what Christmas fare fortune puts in their way; they will play football or such other game as is possible; judging by last year's experience, it is not at all unlikely that they will foregather with the enemy and that for an hour or two on the day of December 25th, enmity, even such enmity as exists between the Teuton and the British, will be laid aside and friendliness take its place.

It will not be considered wrong if we express what many feel, namely, a hope that a lasting peace will be realised. It is not by any means that we or anybody else in this country are inclined to abate one jot of the determination with which we entered the quarrel, but the day is evidently dawning

when the Germans will be made awake to the knowledge that the war was long and secretly planned by their own Kaiser and his counsellors. In their parliament, the German Reichstag, a Socialist Deputy asked the other day if it were true that it had been planned beforehand to foment rebellion in certain of the British Colonies, particularly African Colonies, so that it might break out on the declaration of war. The Wolff Bureau bowdlerised this question and, indeed, that is too mild a term for the process to which it was subjected. No one could possibly have guessed from the wireless what were the actual words used in the interpellation. Nor did the German papers dare to print the actual question. It came out accidentally, and the anxiety lest it should do so is proof enough that the Kaiser dare not say to his people, "It was I and my friends who long ago planned and schemed for this war. We took every possible measure to cause a disruption of the British Empire, and, but for their failure, would have been able to contend that it had gone to pieces of its own effiteness." But such concealment is not possible for ever. *Magna est veritas et prevalet.*

## FRINGFORD BROOK.

The willows stand by Fringford brook  
From Fringford up to Hethe,  
Sun on their cloudy silver heads  
And shadow underneath.

They ripple to the silent airs  
That stir the lazy day,  
Now whitened by their passing hands,  
Now turned again to grey.

The slim marsh-thistle's purple plume  
Droops tasselled on the stem,  
The golden hawkweeds pierce like flame  
The grass that harbours them.

And drowning tresses of the weeds  
Trail where the stream is slow,  
The vapoured mauves of water-mint  
Melt in the pools below;

And lights of soft September shed  
On earth her slumberous look,  
The heartbreak of an anguished world  
Throbs not by Fringford brook.

All peace is here. Beyond our range,  
Yet 'neath the self-same sky,  
The boys that knew these fields of home  
By Flemish willows lie.

They waded in the sun-shot flow,  
They loitered in the shade,  
Who trod the heavy road of death  
Jesting and unafraid;

Peace! What of peace? This glimpse of peace  
Lies at the heart of pain,  
For respite, ere the spirit's load  
We stoop to lift again.

O load of grief, of faith, of wrath,  
Of patient, quenchless will,  
Till God shall ease us of your weight  
We'll bear you higher still!

O ghosts that walk by Fringford brook,  
'Tis more than peace you give,  
For you, who knew so well to die,  
Shall teach us how to live!

VIOLET JACOB.

## HOW TO MEET THE DEMAND FOR BRITISH TIMBER.

BY A. D. WEBSTER.

IT is most unfortunate that the tendency of the war has been to seriously check planting operations, and at the same time to greatly increase the felling of all kinds of timber. The war has certainly brought home to us in a clear and unmistakable manner the danger of relying too much on foreign supplies of timber, and it is to be hoped that after peace we will settle ourselves down to make amends, not only for past neglect in that way, but in order to make up for lost ground by replanting some, at least, of the land from which timber has been felled. But the matter must be viewed in a still more serious light, for, unless the Government takes steps to stop the present tendency to check planting and hasten felling, another year of war will most certainly find this country seriously denuded of its best timber.

We are no pessimists, but unless something is done, such as by Act of Parliament, to either induce replanting or stay the axe of the woodman, the woodlands of our country will be sadly depleted in another year or two. Heretofore,

the State has done extremely little, either in extending the area of our woodlands and plantations or in inducing owners of suitable land to do so themselves.

The war is making unusually large demands on timber all over the Continent, as well as at home, and it is quite possible that, with foreign supplies greatly diminished, we will be compelled to make severe inroads on our own resources. To those who rightly regard our forests as a national asset it is quite plain that, in order to keep up supplies for the future, replanting of ground from which a timber crop has been cut is the only feasible way of facing the difficulty.

When we consider that the total area of woodlands in this country is only a little over 3,000,000 acres, that fully 15,000,000 acres of waste lands exist, and that we annually import over 10,000,000 tons of timber at a cost of nearly £30,000,000, the necessity for an increased area of woodlands will be apparent to all, and the more so as a dearth of timber is imminent and outside supplies are being

rigidly conserved, while our home demands are ever on the increase.

Taken as a whole, Europe has not enough timber to meet her demands, about 4,000,000 tons in excess of what she produces being annually required, and stringent laws have been passed regulating the output. This is the case with Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia. The Canadian forests and those of the United States are both nearly exhausted, and by a competent judge it has been said that in fifteen years little or no timber will be left if depletion goes on in those countries as at present. But the worst is that there are no forests to fall back upon, for the timber of those of Africa and India and South America is unsuited generally to our wants. Australia, China and Japan require at present more timber than they produce.

For the past five and twenty years I have not failed to urge on private owners of woodlands the pressing necessity

(1,125,000 acres), I have carefully computed that of the land up to 1,200ft. where timber would grow perfectly well, about 9,000,000 acres are available for afforesting purposes. As far as I have been able to find out, the average rental of such ground would be considerably under 3s. per acre, while, on the other hand, I am quite convinced that any land which does not bring in at least three times that amount for grazing or agricultural purposes would be more profitably employed in carrying a crop of timber. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that much of these waste lands is private property, the owners of which, even could they afford it, have little inclination to sink, for a period of, say, twenty-five years, the necessary capital required to be expended on the formation of woods and plantations.

Under such conditions the question naturally arises, What is the most feasible way to overcome the difficulty? In answer, and without the slightest hesitation, I would



A PROMISING SITE FOR TALL TIMBER.

of planting up some at least of the waste and unprofitable lands of our country in order to provide timber for the future, and leave us less dependent on the gradually dwindling supplies that are annually sent us from abroad.

England being, so to speak, a residential country, the retention of a certain amount of heath, mountain and commons land for the purpose of deer forests, grouse moors, game coverts and golf links is imperative, and will considerably reduce the amount of land available for afforestation purposes. But I think that I am well within bounds in allotting out of the 15,000,000 acres of waste lands 1,000,000 acres to afforestation and 14,000,000 acres to game preserves and recreation.

Having personally explored much of the mountain and heath lands in England and Scotland and some of the vast tracts of bog land in Ireland (which alone extend to fully

say that suitable waste lands at the rate of 40,000 acres should be planted annually, for a period of, say, twenty-five years. Such lands could, in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, be gradually and cheaply acquired where the owner himself was unwilling to plant, and in Ireland vast tracts of bog land would be willingly handed over at the present moment at a small sum per acre. Quite recently, in Wales, 7,412 acres of upland described as "rough grazing and sheep walk" was sold by public auction for £15,670, or at the low rate of £2 2s. 3d. per acre. The land was particularly suitable for the growth of larch, as the highly remunerative plantations adjoining clearly pointed out. But numerous similar cases could be given, so that the excuse of no available land is not tenable. They could be dealt with by a waste land reclamation society.

After careful computation, I have no hesitation in saying that the area of plantations in the United Kingdom could

at once be doubled by the planting of waste lands which at present do not bring in over 2s. per acre of rent annually, with infinite benefit to the country generally and a vast increase in the value of land, both to the owner and farmer who cultivates it. I have already suggested that altogether 1,000,000 acres should be planted



A PEATY SOIL SUITABLE FOR ALDER.

*Alder is the most valuable wood for charcoal burning.*

over a period of twenty-five years at the rate of 40,000 acres per year, which would be an outlay of about £290,000 annually—a small sum, it will be admitted, when compared with the £25,000,000 yearly expended by this country on supplies brought from abroad. In a future paper the cost of planting and financial returns therefrom will be dealt with.

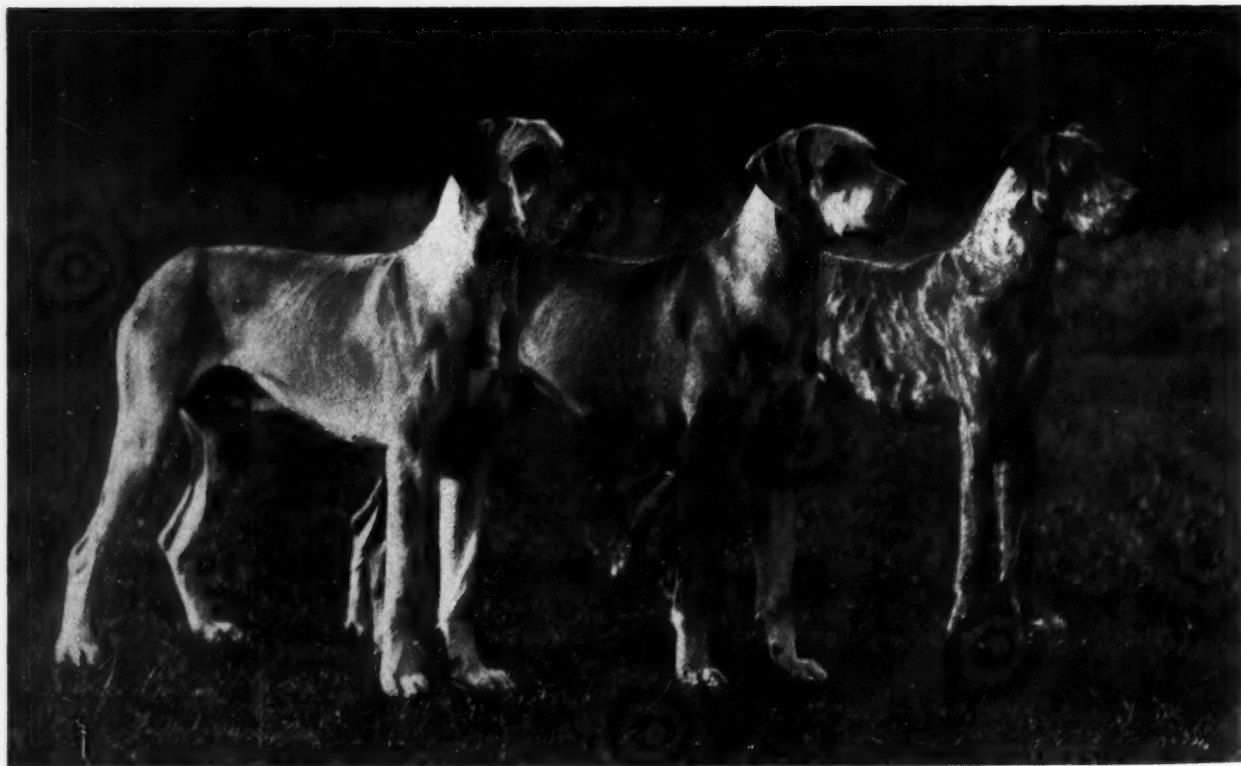
## THE "READYMONEY" GREAT DANES.

BY A. CROXTON SMITH.

**F**EW breeds have suffered more from the war than the Great Dane, not because of any unreasoning antipathy on the part of the British public to his Teutonic associations, but largely because so many of the erstwhile prominent exhibitors have been too busily engaged in war work of some description or other to spare much time for their kennel affairs. The Great Dane Club, the oldest body concerned with the interests of this dog, having been in a state of suspended animation for some months, partly owing to the death on active service of its hon. secretary, Captain Newton, recently came to life for a brief hour and decided to remain dormant until after the war, during which period members

will not be asked to pay their subscriptions. It must not be assumed from this, however, that interest is going to lapse, for I have not the least doubt that enthusiasm will be redoubled when more peaceful days come. Notwithstanding the adverse circumstances mentioned, the shows that provide sufficient accommodation are receiving substantial backing, and a proposal has been put forward in favour of holding a big specialist fixture with the turn of the New Year. If this is done, I should not be surprised to see a considerable entry, and Mr. Cruft may look for well filled classes in February.

That the foundation stock of our present kennels sprang during the past thirty or forty years from the land of our arch



T. Fall. SYDNEY OF ROSSALL. MONARCH OF READYMONEY. VIKING OF READYMONEY.

Copyright.



enemies will certainly not prejudice the minds of men against a noble dog that has become thoroughly acclimatised. Inferentially, of course, we are justified in the assumption, in spite of the obscurity surrounding the history of the breed, that Denmark was its original home, though at what period we cannot say. We may cite, for instance, the testimony of Jean Jacques Rousseau to prove that the name was current in his day (1712—1778), since he relates in "The Reveries of the Solitary Walker" that he was knocked down by a large Danish dog that was running before a coach. Dogs of some sort or other were common to the Danes before they adopted the teachings of Christianity, because we are told that every ninth year at the winter solstice ninety-nine were sacrificed. In Sweden a similar number was destroyed on each of nine successive days.

From the works of different writers and pictures of great artists we are able to gather that dogs of the Great Dane character enjoyed a wide distribution throughout the Continent. We may see them providing sport for the nobles in the chase of the wild boar, but it is, perhaps, a matter of individual predilection as to whether we settle to our own satisfaction that the animals depicted were the prototypes of Great Danes or mastiffs. It is quite within the bounds of



VIKING IN PROFILE.



T. Fall.

A PORTRAIT STUDY OF SYDNEY OF ROSSALL.

Copyright.

possibility that both these breeds, as well as the Irish wolfhound, sprang from the same tap-root. My own view would be to assign the precedence to the mastiff, the Assyrian sculptures in the British Museum lending strong support to this theory. On the other hand, the pictures that I have seen dating back to the Middle Ages, or slightly after, give us representations more favourable to the Great Dane.

The Great Dane, as such, must have been introduced into this country several centuries ago. The Lord Cadogan who accompanied the gallant Marlborough in his campaigns is said to have taken one with him, and Mr. Sydenham Edwards, writing nearly 120 years ago, remarked: "The common coach dog is an humble attendant of the servants and horses: the Dane appears the escort of his lord, bold and ready in his defence. I certainly think no equipage can have arrived at the acme of grandeur until a couple of Harlequin dogs precede the pomp." Half a century after we may assume that knowledge was less exact, such a careful observer as Youatt classing the Dane and Dalmatian together, with the remark that the difference between the two consisted principally in size. Surely it is impossible to find any resemblance between the small regular spots of the Dalmatian and the large irregular splashes of black on a harlequin

Dane. About the time of the Franco-Prussian War three varieties seem to have prevailed in Germany, which Germans subsequently decided to classify as one breed. The Ulmer Doggen, found mainly in the northern parts of the country, are familiar to all middle-aged people on account of the brace that figured so conspicuously in portraits of Bismarck. The dogs of the South were of lighter and more graceful build, more nervous in temperament, and lacking that fine air of ferocity that gave such splendid character to the others. A combination of the two has been the means of making the modern Dane.

This question of character is to me one of vital importance to which breeders will have to address themselves seriously. Why is it that so many Continental dogs appear superior to ours, although, if dissected and judged point for point, they would receive fewer marks? The distinction is summed up in the one word "character." A Dane should carry his head well up, and come into the ring looking as if he could eat the judge and all the ringsiders as well. Cropped ears no doubt improve the expression immensely, but I do not think that it is the only explanation of the difference so often noticed. I am, therefore, glad to know that Mr. Jack C. Cotes, who in less than two years has got together one of the finest collections in the country, places the getting of the real Dane expression foremost among his ideals. This is not all, of course. He wants to breed long heads with flat, level skulls, and long, strong, deep forefaces. Ear carriage must be correct, and he goes for short backs, well sprung ribs and deep briskets. Big bone and size are essential, especially in dogs. All most laudable objects, which are quite capable of achievement in the hands of a clever man. Mr. Cotes has purchased his stock with discrimination, selecting so well that last year he was able to win four challenge certificates with as many different individuals—Monarch, Viking, Sydney and Melba. This year his dogs have won a similar number of certificates with limited opportunities, been placed reserve on three occasions, and picked up a nice little bag of twenty-seven firsts, seventeen seconds and twenty-five thirds at nine shows.

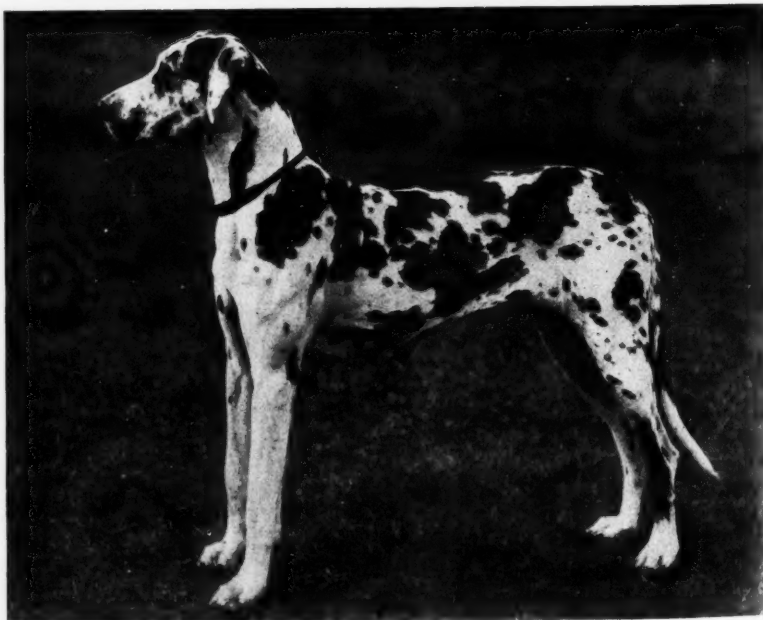
An excellent record for one who only started his kennels towards the end of 1913. At that time Mr. Cotes was living at Readymoney, Fowey; but he has now taken up more accessible quarters at Barnfield, Dunsfold, near Godalming. In Cornwall he had only a few dogs, to which several were added in the early months of last year; but it was not until his marriage a little later that he set about the task seriously, Mrs. Cotes being just as enthusiastic as he is. The kennels are admirably adapted to their purpose, comprising under one roof four apartments for adults, each measuring 13ft. by 7ft., and three spacious puppy or breeding places. Part is floored with cement, specially treated so as not to sweat in damp weather, and the remainder with tiles. A passage running along the entire length communicates with the kitchen, in which the cooking is done, a larder for storing food, and a scullery. Beyond is the garage, at the rear of which is another breeding kennel with run. Mr. Cotes believes the dogs do better housed together in the main building, a kennel fight in consequence being a rare event. At some distance away are kennels for visiting bitches, and there is



VIKING OF READYMONEY.



RAVANA OF READYMONEY.



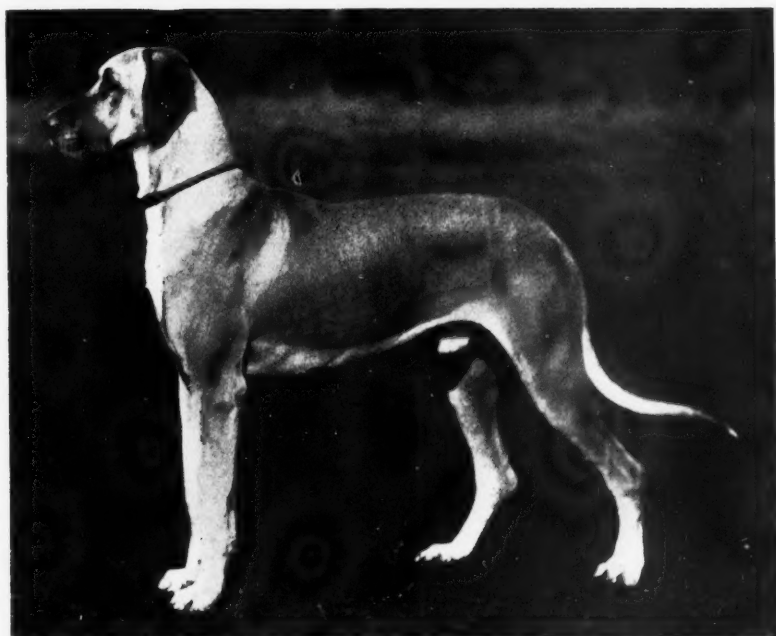
T. Fall.

LADY VANITY.

Copyright



MONARCH OF READYMONEY.



SYDNEY OF ROSSALL.



T. Fall.

MELBA OF ROSSALL.

Copyright.

also a hospital for the segregation of any cases of sickness. All the kennels are heated with radiators, so arranged that a temperature of 70deg. can be maintained in the puppy quarters if desired. In such circumstances late winter puppies need not be the occasion of any worry. The house being seven miles from Godalming, a motor van is used for conveying dogs to and from the station. Various extensive additions are contemplated when international affairs assume a normal aspect.

Good, sound, raw horse flesh constitutes the basis of the dietary, the dogs receiving from 2½lb. to 5lb. daily, according to age, brood bitches and stud dogs getting the most. Fresh marrow bones, ground finely almost into a paste by the aid of the oil engine that provides the house with electricity, form part of each day's rations. Cereal foods are varied, the changes being rung on biscuits, bread, rusks, rice, oatmeal and maize meal. Mr. Cotes does not believe in the use of fattening food for conditioning for shows, but is an advocate for goats' milk once or twice a day. The puppies, after weaning, get plenty of raw flesh and goats' milk, a stud of goats being kept for the purpose. In fine weather the dogs have the run of the place, and when it is wet they are turned into a run of composite, similar to that of which hard tennis courts are made, this being greatly superior to cement, whether in winter or summer. Regular daily exercise is also taken along hard country roads. These being the conditions under which the "Readymoney" Danes live, it is not surprising that they are put down in rare condition when exhibited. The affix, by the way, is about to be changed to "Rufflyn." The dogs whose pictures appear this week, being familiar to all show goers, do not call for criticism. It will be noted that they are of various colours, with beautiful shoulders and fronts. A puppy was brought out at the recent People's Palace Show for which the judge, Mr. Cornish Bowden, predicts a rosy future.

## GOLF IN SOUTH INDIA.

THERE are many first-class golf links in South Indian hill stations and in the larger places on the plains, but the following describes one of the mofussi, or up-country, courses. You must not expect to find "greens" in this sun-baked land; ours are made of sand, and a certain amount of cast-iron filings and borings rolled in gives a surface uniform and yet not too smooth. We start on a little rising ground beside the white buildings of the club, the only rising ground, I suppose, in the neighbourhood, making one wonder if it is not some old defensive earthwork thrown up against some long ago raid from the sea hard by. The chief defences we have to overcome as we play through the course are the trees, and what a country is India for trees, and to what a size they grow! We play past great branching banyans, beautiful tamarisks with their light green acacia-like foliage, "sausage" trees that throw down in the spring long strings of inverted hollyhock flowers that turn later into a galaxy of pendulous sausages.



The first hole is played between the mud tennis courts and an ancient and picturesque bungalow that seems to have an acre of old red tiled roofs, white pillars and Kate Greenaway gate at the foot of old brick steps. The second hole brings you to the middle of the maidan, the great open sort of village green, round which cluster the various bungalows among their trees. The maidan is chiefly sand and green grass, or I should say, oftener brown than green; but if you have energy to get up and play in the early morning, the whole ground is carpeted with tiny purple and blue flowers, and here and there tinier crimson ones.

Hitting off from the next tee, you often sail into the thick top of one of four tall palmyra palms. The ball stays up there, and if you wish to see it again you must call in a toddy man, whose occupation it is to collect the juice in chatties hung on to severed shoots in those giddy heights. As you are about to approach beyond the belt of trees, a younger brother of your forecaddie is wont to appear from a group of leaf huts, clad with great pride in a pair of "trousers" with lace frills round the ankles, which you recognise with horror to be a pair of under garments recently discarded by the lady of the house. The fourth hole has many traps if you do not play straight. There is prickly pear on the left, a large pond on the right, and a deadly little culvert bridge in the centre. You are wary how you rescue your ball from prickly pear; its lightest touch will fill you with bunches of almost invisible spines, which will cause you untold trouble if not quickly removed

from the skin. As for the pond, or "tank" as it is called, your little brown forecaddie removes his one and only garment and retrieves it easily. The "brown" here (greens are out of the question, of course) is close to the compound wall of the blue pillared hall where the Municipal Council sit on the hardest chairs conceivable, which yet do not deter some of the turbaned members from an extraordinary flow of Tamil. At the next drive you must play very straight, or you may pitch in what your peon dignifies by the name of a "bathroom."

At the sixth you must also play straight, or some gaily dressed woman drawing water at a well may suffer—they are all fatalists, and do not care to hide behind the parapet—or you may get bunkered behind the rest house kitchen. The rest house for travelling officials is just beyond the brown and overlooks the aforesaid tank (hateful word for a picturesque pond), in which its white pillars and red tiles are always reflected in the blue water.

At the end of the next 265yds. is an old, low-roofed building of four sides surrounding a courtyard. It is now the servants' quarters of one of the old bungalows, but must once have been a zenana, judging by its inadequate window slits and general appearance. The eighth is 304yds., the longest on this somewhat toy course; and the last one is generally played in semi-dusk, as India knows no long light evenings. This brings you back to the club, with its tall, sweet-scented cork trees in the cooler weather and its welcome iced drinks in the hot. Indian life has its compensations.

H. W.

## AUTUMN MOONSHINE.

I DON'T know where he came from—whether he had been hiding in the hedge among the briony trails, or whether he had crept out of the coppice among the golden beech trees, or whether he had just walked down the road.

I only know I had been out on a visit and was walking home on a fine moonlight autumn night; my escort, who was a young-man-in-a-hurry, had brought me to the end of the wood, and then returned; while I, being of mature years, and having no one who cared whether I was late or no, making sure that all was still and my eccentricity unobserved, sat me upon a rail to watch the effect of moonlight over the fields and the mist among the shadows. This has often been a pleasure of mine—one which real country people think unspeakably foolish—but then, what can you expect of a mere "week-end"?

Anyway, I looked across the lane to the particularly attractive corner of the coppice where the cherry tree stands, and when I turned again he was standing near me, and, I think, looking into my face.

Often, I've read of these mythic survivals and thought them a charming or hideous fancy as the spirit of the author dictated, but I didn't feel surprised when I really knew who he was. He seemed part essentially of the moonlight and the country, and not the least grotesque as I had imagined. The first thing I saw was a pair of grey eyes—rather timid, questioning eyes—yet they were quite calm and rather sad, reminding one somehow of ponds in which the grey of a rainy sky is reflected, and there was meaning in their look, not quite what you see in the eyes of a shy child, but calmer and dimmer. The face was soft and gentle to a degree, it had none of the strenuous lines of a man's face, yet there was beauty of a faint, unearthly kind in every feature. The hair over the brow was dark and indefinite, and one was not troubled or obsessed by his form. A faun he was undoubtedly, but his limbs and body were forgotten in the faint childlike charm of his face.

He stood looking, but I did not move. His expression gradually changed from timid questioning to one of wonder. I understood then why nymphs of old consorted with fauns fearlessly. There was nothing to fear. I think I smiled a little. He spoke in a vaguely sweet, light voice, but with a hint of a masculine burr in it. "The moonlight on your face is beautiful." I was not startled. It seemed perfectly natural. I had forgotten under the gaze of those misty eyes that I had ever lived in a house, worn shoes, or been called elderly. I know I said slowly, "Yes, I love to watch it, too." He moved a pace nearer, still watching me and then he said, "Let me watch with you," and his voice was as the voice of one far away in a dim wilderness of flowers. Somehow I found myself standing with the faun close beside me looking away across the fields at the corner of the coppice where the cherry

tree stood. He did not seem to wish to talk—just wanted a companion.

Yes—I walked home across the field path, and the faun kept pace beside me—he walked easily and lightly, not like the hideous fauns so often pictured. There was a kind of grace and freedom in his movements which accorded well with the night and the beauty of the woods under the moonlight.

No, he could not be called grotesque, faun though he was. He seemed rather an embodiment of youth and youth's vague longings as he passed beside me over the fieldway. We brushed dewy wreaths of wild clematis with its silver glory at the full, scarlet briony berries gave a hint of their colour in the moonlight, the wind sighed gently among the gold-tipped branches of the elms, and breathed a deeper, sadder note as the faun and I passed under the shadows of the firs. No, he shed no magic, I felt no thrill. It was just a very happy and sympathetic companionship. The sweet scents of the damp night filled the air, and my mind moved calmly and gently in tune with the softness of the moonlight on the dewy hedgerows. I had put all cares and practical considerations on one side, and was living in the silent and silvery loveliness of the moment.

The distant lights of the village shone across the pond. I stopped regretfully, that on such a night one must think of such banalities as bed and supper! I supposed I looked away. At any rate, without any start of fear, I was aware that the faun was holding me—so gently—by the shoulders, the next moment he had kissed me—not with the degraded passion which appears to be the attribute of the faun of the classics—but very softly, and gently, so that it was more like the blowing of a leaf across one's face. I was still absolutely unsurprised—and you could no more have felt anger if a dog had caressed your hand than at this simple, tender being. I still feel the slight weight of his hands on my shoulders—but I was alone.

He had gone as he had come, back to the shadows and the mist in the moonlight. I think I heard the note of some sleepy bird in the beech trees, but no sound of rustling leaf or crackling twig. I was alone.

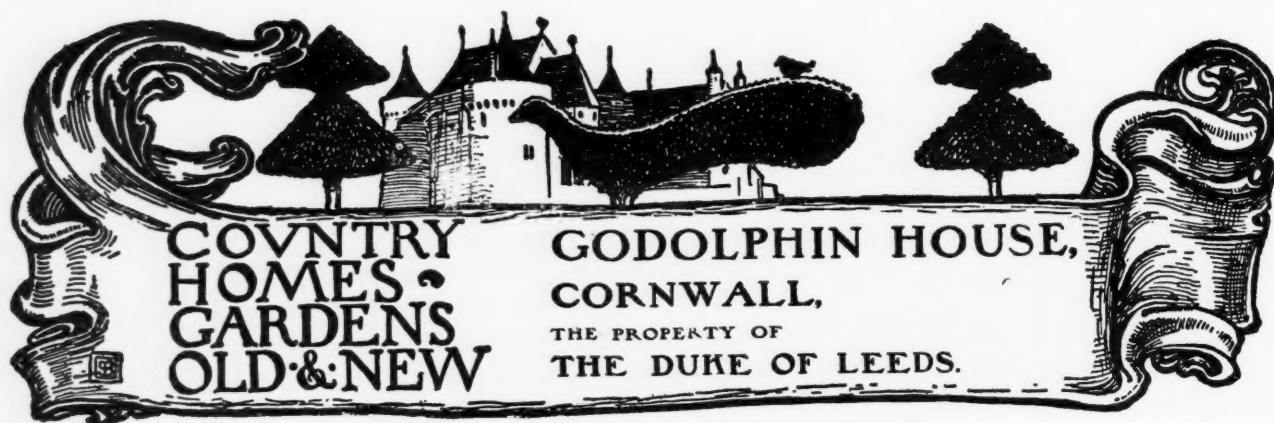
The moonbeams fell on my wondering face, the pond reflected their silver, and one bright star shone over the larch wood.

I have often walked the field-path since and sit on the rail in the hedge where I met him, and wonder about him and his strange, gentle ways. I never expect him to creep out of his hiding for me again and claim companionship, be the moon never so bright and the mists never so soft in the valley, for I think that night was the last of my youth, and its spring was quenched for ever in the breath of the faun's kiss.

M. D. SPENDER.



THE LONG ARMS OF THE SEA.



**G**ODOLPHIN is a name with little Cornish sound, and despite vague claims which antiquaries have made that the family is of immemorial antiquity, no definite personality emerged from the mist until a John Godolphin was made Sheriff of Cornwall in 1504. As to his origin we can choose between two stories, both lacking evidence, but both pleasant enough to be retold. One relates that the estate of Godolphin in Breage was owned in Henry VI's reign by Sir Edmund Arundell of Lamburn in Peransand. He disposed of it to a certain Stephens, who was complacent enough to take it on the insulting tenure "that once a year for ever the Reeve of the said Manor should come to Godolphin, and there boldly enter the hall, jump upon the table or table-board, and there stamp or bounce with his feet or club, to alarm and give notice to the people of his approach, and then and there make proclamation aloud three times—O yes! O yes! O yes! I am the Reeve of the Manor of Lamburne in Peransand, come here to demand the old rent, duties and customs, due to the lords of the said Manor from the lands

of Godolphin. Upon which notice there is forthwith to be brought him 2s. 8d. rent, a large quart of strong beer, a loaf of wheaten bread worth sixpence, and a cheese of the like value; which the Reeve having received, he shall drink of the beer, taste the bread and cheese in the place, and then depart carrying with him the said rent and the remainder of those viands, to the lords of the Manor aforesaid." Of Stephens and his patient acceptance every year of this bouncing performance we hear no more.

For the other story Hals the old Cornish chronicler is responsible. His history is prettily mingled with romance, and the fact that he claimed descent from the Godolphins does not add to our belief. According to Hals the Stephens ownership ended with an heiress who married a man called Knava, an unattractive and rare, but authentic, Cornish name. His descendant John Knava was of some importance in the reign of Henry VII, and that monarch was invited to "prick" him as sheriff in 1504. This he did and "declared his great liking of that gentleman in all circumstances for the said office, but discovered as much dislike of his name."





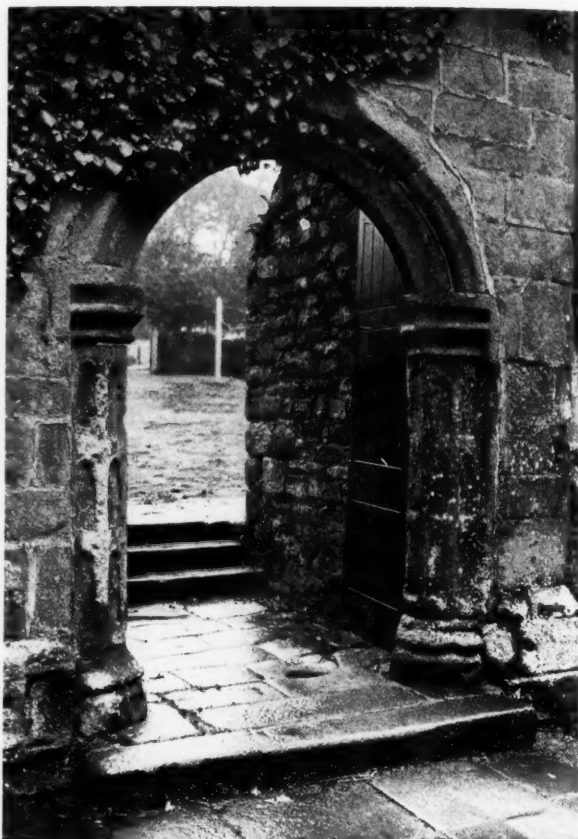


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THROUGH THE COLONNADE DOORWAY INTO THE QUADRANGLE.

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We may agree that Knave is no good title for His Majesty's Sheriff, and Henry forthwith ordered in letters patent under the broad seal of England that the new sheriff should be styled, after his property, John Godolphin, of Godolphin, Esquire. And that is all we know of the re-founder of his family. The next in title was William, a friend of Henry VIII, who knighted him and sent him an achievement of the Royal Arms to reward his exceeding gallantry at the siege of Boulogne in 1544. He and his nephew and successor, Sir Francis, were covered with county dignities—Sheriff, Knight of the Shire and Vice-Warden of the Stannaries. Sir Francis was also Governor of the Scillies, of which Queen Elizabeth granted him a lease, and brought glory to the delectable Duchy by routing the Spaniards when they landed near Mousehole in 1595. There were brave doings on the coast one foggy July dawn. Four Spanish galleys landed 200 men and set fire to Paul Church. The inhabitants, peaceable folk and only fivescore against double the number, were "meanly weaponed" and fled as the pirates approached, but Sir Francis rallied them and drove the enemy back to their boats. The Spaniards then sailed round to Newlyn and put 400 ashore for the march to Penzance and commanded the situation by firing from their ships. Godolphin fought a rearguard action with a handful of men, but the buccaneers soon reached Penzance, which they left in flames. Help soon came and our sea power was reasserted when the English ships sailed to the rescue, but the buccaneers unhappily got away scathless. Sir Francis was also a man of peace and did his part in making Cornwall industrial, for he imported a "Dutch Minerals-man" to improve the methods of tin-mining. He died in 1608, and his son, another Sir William, enlarged the Godolphin name not only by his learning and travels, but by distinguished service under the Earl of Essex in the Irish Wars. These doings, however, were before he entered into his inheritance, and he died five years after his father. The next in title, Sir Francis, was a faithful and unsuccessful supporter of Charles I, but managed to retain his estates. His younger brother



TUDOR DOORWAY IN SOUTH WALL OF QUAD.



Copyright. OPENING IN WEST WALL OF FORECOURT. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Sydney also followed the King's standard under Sir Ralph Hopton in the fighting in the West. He was "the fourth wheel of Charles' Wain," to use Clarendon's phrase, the other three being Sir Bevil Grenville, Sir Nicholas Stanning and Sir John Trevanion. This "young gentleman of incomparable parts" was of that same melancholy but exquisitely courteous cast of mind of his more famous friend, Lord Falkland, and when he fell in a skirmish at Chagford in February, 1643, there was a chorus of grief hardly less florid in its expression than that which followed the death of Sir Philip Sidney.

The eldest son of Sir Francis was made baronet in 1661, several years before his father died. This Godolphin, the third Sir William, and his next brother died childless, and the estates passed to the third brother, Sydney, the most eminent of the line. This is not the place to tell the long story of his brilliant parliamentary career or of his service to Charles II and William III which led to his becoming Lord High Treasurer of England, Queen Anne's Chief Minister of State, and Earl of Godolphin, but of the man himself something must be said. His was a notable character, trained to the Court from the time when he was page to Charles II—"never in the way and never out of the way"—was the King's phrase for him. He was the intimate friend of Pepys, always a passport to our affections. "A very pretty and able person, a man of very fine parts," writes the diarist, and quotes my Lord Sandwich as saying that Godolphin was "as wise and able a person as any prince in the world."

When Lord Sandwich dined with Pepys one day in January, 1668-9, Sydney and his brother Sir William were there too. The dinner was "as noble as any man need to have, . . . all done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. . . . My wife's drawings were





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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

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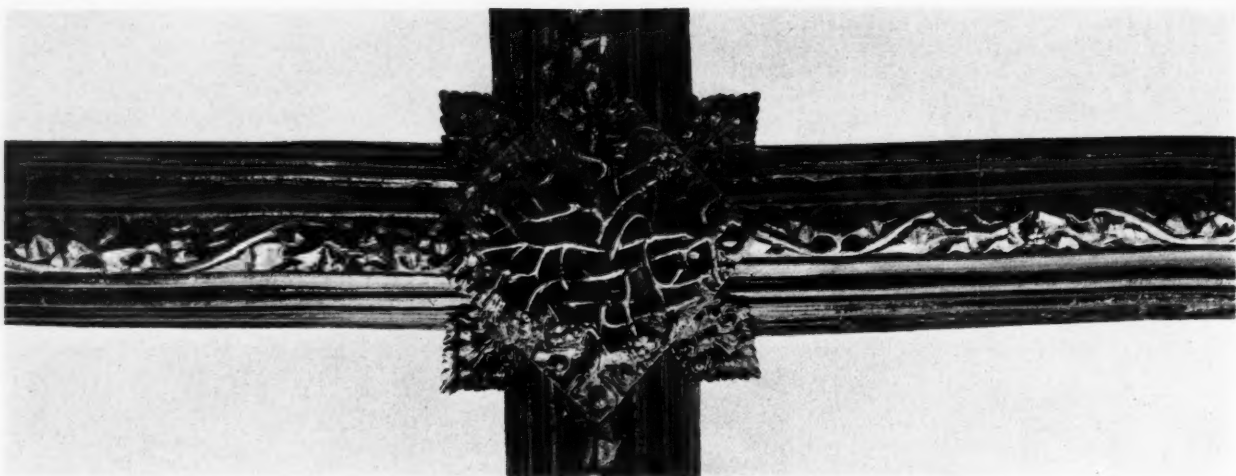


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THE QUADRANGLE: FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

CARVED BOSS AND BEAMS IN HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

commended mightily. . . . Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind and the fullest of honour and contentment to me. . . ." We wonder what the shrewd Sydney Godolphin thought of the eager little man: unfortunately he kept his own counsel about that as about weightier things. We know more of Godolphin's wife Margaret than of him, for John Evelyn was her devoted friend and wrote her biography. Her highly pious nature ran to melancholy, for her idea of a portrait was that "she would be drawne in a lugubrious posture, sitting upon a Tomb-stone adorned with a Sepulcher

Urne." For all that she had a pretty wit which carried her through the sordid atmosphere of the Restoration Court with universal favour, but without a taint on her exquisite purity. She was well matched with Godolphin, "that singular and silent lover." When she died, little more than three years after her marriage, his granite nature was moved to agony; and Evelyn's emotion of grief lasted his lifetime.

Godolphin's political fall in 1710 was an unmitigated blow to the national greatness, for he was the stout supporter of the Duke of Marlborough, and when his strong hand no



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LINEN-FOLD PANELLING IN HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PLASTER FRIEZE IN A BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

longer held the helm, English policy and military success abroad alike failed. When the statesman died in 1712, Marlborough was so afflicted that he left his native land to live beyond sea. So unvenal had Godolphin been in an age when politics were too often the opportunity for pure plunder that he would have died a pauper if he had not inherited his elder brother's estates and with them Godolphin House. The line was soon to die out. Margaret Godolphin left only one son, Francis—his birth was the cause of her death—and he became the second Earl. His wife was the great Marlborough's daughter, Henrietta, who became, on the Duke's death, Duchess of Marlborough. The second Earl had no sons, and died in 1766. His daughter Mary, who married the fourth Duke of Leeds, became the eventual heiress of the Godolphin estates, which have remained in her descendants' possession to this day. So much for the owners of the house which is now illustrated.

A little to the north-west of Helston an isolated outcrop of granite pushes its way through the prevailing slate into two peaks, one of which is known as Godolphin Hill. At its foot is the old Manor House, fallen indeed from its high estate, and now occupied as a farm, but showing many relics of its former greatness. There was a house, Godolfyn,



probably built by the Arundells, of which a sketch has survived on a chart dating from early in

Henry VIII's reign, but it is difficult to imagine that anything but a few fragments of its walls are incorporated in the present house, to which the sketch bears no resemblance. It is more probable that the Sir William Godolphin who was the friend of Henry VIII did not find this fortress-like home suitable for his expanding fortunes, and that he rebuilt what is now the east side of the quadrangle as his dining-hall with additional buildings to the south of it. Nothing but foundations of this south court have survived, but the archway in the south wall of the existing court has interesting late Gothic panelling on the jambs. This wall doubtless represents the original main elevation of the house, in front of which the east wing with its dining hall projected. The present sitting-room of the farmhouse though considerably mutilated is obviously part of the old hall.

The very beautiful linen-fold panelling and carved beams now in the farmhouse dining-room are the survivals of Sir William's work in his hall. The carved boss at the intersection of the beams is a particularly beautiful piece of West Country carving. It is obvious that the panelling has been much tampered with, because the dado is clearly of late in the eighteenth century. Let into the wall of this room is the royal coat of arms of Henry VIII, which may well be the actual gift of that monarch to the gallant Sir William as a battle honour after the siege of Boulogne. The southern end of the hall has been partitioned off to make a scullery, and the panelling which once adorned these walls has disappeared.

The next development in the house was probably the work of Sir William's

son, Sir Francis, who died in 1608. One may assume that he built the west side of the existing quadrangle, including what is now known as the King's Room. The masonry suggests the Jacobean craftsman, and in the King's Room is now preserved a very distinctive Jacobean oak mantelpiece which has undergone many vicissitudes. It looks as though at one time it had served as a doorway.

The name "King's Room" marks the legend that one of the Stewarts stayed at Godolphin. It is quite certain that Charles II did not get so far west during his flight after the battle of Worcester, because we know where he spent every night of that miraculous pilgrimage, and the legend must therefore be taken for what it is worth. A sketch by Dr. Borlase shows very fairly what Godolphin looked like from the north during the seventeenth century.

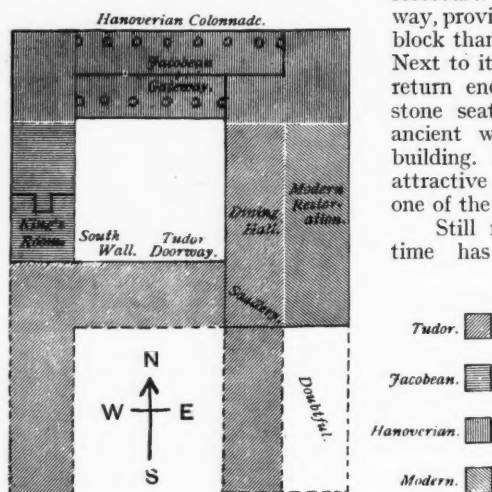


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MANTELPiece NOW IN "KING'S ROOM." "COUNTRY LIFE."



The accompanying plan shows the growth of the house. It is reproduced from Mr. Hadow's paper on Godolphin by kind permission of the Royal Institution of Cornwall. The fourth period of the house is associated with Francis, second Earl of Godolphin, who some time after 1712 added the present north, or entrance, front with its exterior and interior colonnades and so completed the fourth side of the quadrangle. If, as has been assumed, this side had no building up to the eighteenth century, the Jacobean doorway which appears in our second picture marked the opening in a screen wall which enclosed the north side of the quadrangle, and this wall Godolphin preserved. All his architecture was markedly traditional. The new wing is carried on eight massive granite pillars on the north side, and on the south side on six. These, with the intervening wall, form a delightful double loggia, over which is the range of first floor rooms. In the management of the upper storey he followed a quite mediæval treatment in the windows with a string-course above and in the battlemented parapet. The photographs show that openings have been built up here and there to the defacement of the original scheme, but the entrance front remains in its original massive austerity—a



SKETCH PLAN OF GODOLPHIN HOUSE.

very notable example of the influence of design on so intractable a material as granite, and of the slow impact of new architectural ideas in so remote a county as Cornwall.

A word must also be said of the very charming treatment of the west wall which now encloses the outer entrance forecourt. Our first picture shows a double stairway, provided, it would seem, rather as a mounting block than as a way to get over the low wall. Next to it, the wall opens, and is provided with return ends, on the inner side of which are two stone seats. Our interior pictures show all the ancient work which has remained within the building. Attention may be drawn to the very attractive little plaster frieze which still adorns one of the bedrooms.

Still more tragic than the dishonour which time has brought to the old building is the laying waste of the gardens. The old generous plan is still visible, with a "mount" beyond a noble box hedge, some dilapidated steps at changes of level and two fine pools which have lost their shape.

The great houses of Cornwall are few and far between, and it must be confessed that the tin-mines have prejudiced the amenities of the near countryside, but the ancient beauties of Godolphin House and its garden are not so far gone that they might not some day be renewed with certainty.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

## WAR ECONOMIES OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

### GLIMPSES OF 1800.

HIGH prices, heavy taxes, the need of economy—everywhere it is the same story. But no two people seem to be quite agreed either as to what is being done or what ought to be done, or as to which classes are doing their duty and which are not. History repeats itself. It was very much the same with our ancestors a century ago during the Napoleonic wars. But always with one glaring exception. There was no appeal then to the wage-earners to put their savings into War Loan. And for good reason. There were no war-bonuses or separation allowances in those days; very little was possible in the way of savings, even in the war trades. The wage earners were steeped in poverty. Nine shillings a week was in many counties the normal wage for agricultural labourers, and with wheat regularly over 100 shillings a quarter, nearly every married labourer in scores of parishes was in receipt of parish allowance.

But the luxury and gaiety of the fashionable world continued undiminished. Here is a vivid little sketch of Bath in mid-December, 1797, from the pen of one of the last persons who might have been expected to resort thither, did one not remember that bishops and deans always mustered strongly in the abbey town. Thus writes the saintly and evangelical Hannah More to her friend, Mrs. Boscawen:

Bath—gay, happy, inconsiderate Bath! bears no signs of the distresses of the times. We go about all the morning lamenting the impending calamities, deploring the assessed taxes and pleading poverty, and at night every place of diversion is overflowing with a fulness unknown in former seasons, and as a proof that everybody is too rich to need to stay at home there is not a lodging to be had in this whole quarter for love or money.

Are there not fashionable places to which that description exactly applies to-day? The only phrase that has an archaic look is "the assessed taxes." These were miscellaneous taxes on servants, carriages, riding-horses, etc., estimated to affect some 700,000 householders, and levied designedly as a luxury tax. Mr. Pitt trebled them at a stroke, and the intimate letters of the period abound in rueful comment. Here is Fanny Burney—she has just become Madame D'Arbly—writing to her sister:

The new threefold assessment of taxes has terrified us rather seriously, though the necessity and therefore the justice of them we naturally feel. My father thinks his own share will amount to £80 a year! We have this very morning decided upon parting with four of our new windows—a great abatement of *agrémens* to ourselves and of ornament to our appearance, and a still greater sacrifice to *l'amour propre* of my architect.

So that was the sacrifice of the D'Arbly's—to block up four new windows. Their means were narrow, and when prices rose higher and higher, they planted potatoes "upon almost every spot where they could grow," in the modest grounds surrounding their Surrey house. Yes; and they showed them with pride to King George's daughters when they paid a visit to the Queen's ex-dresser. "The poor people about us," Madame D'Arbly wrote to her father in 1800, "complain they are nearly starved, and the children of the journeymen of the tradesmen of Dorking come to our door to beg for half-pence for a little bread."

The celebrated Arthur Young, the first authority of the day on agriculture, was much troubled by the treble assessment. He used to visit many of the leading noblemen of the day while on his tours, but when he got back to his own country home at Bradfield, in Suffolk, we find him living thus:

I have made an experiment in living here not unimportant. I drink no wine or beer, only a pint or a third of a bottle of cider at dinner. I care not what I eat; I have only one maid and no helps, and could thus live for a trifle in a cottage. In such time such trials may have their use beyond the Christian propriety of self-denial. I rise at 4 a.m., walk up to my neck in the garden pond, pray and then read till breakfast; read, walk and farm till dinner, and so on till it is dark, and no moment hangs heavily on my hands.

It may be judged from this that Young was somewhat of an eccentric in his habits, but be it observed what he wrote as to the moral effect of the extreme high prices upon the patriotism of the very poor, at a time—it was in June, 1800—when England lived in fear of invasion, and when Lord Euston was touring through Suffolk and compiling an inventory of all carts, wagons, horses, etc. "It is in everyone's mouth," wrote Young, "that with such a price of corn, half the country would join the enemy. I must freely confess I dread the result."

Let us next enter a commonplace middle-class household in a Norfolk village, where lives Mrs. Godwin, mother of William Godwin, the friend of Shelley. As she writes to her son in London, she dwells on the terrible scarcity of bread and all kinds of provisions, on malt at "44 shillings per coomb," and on the state of the poor, "some starving, some stealing, though wages increased and parish allowance." Then she goes on to describe the household economies which she is practising at home:

We in the country deny ourselves because of the decrease of provisions, make meal dumplings, meal crusts to pies mixed with boiled rice and a very little butter in them, our bread meal and rice which we have bought at



two pence a pound, and very good it is, pancakes with boiled rice in water till tender and very little milk or egg with flour.

It is a long, breathless, and deplorably ungrammatical sentence, but it is the motherly prelude to the announcement that she is sending her son "a Turkey and saccages," which she hopes will reach him safely.

By way of contrast our next glimpse is of Trentham Hall, then the principal seat of the Staffords, before they had been raised to the Dukedom of Sutherland. It is a few years later, 1810, but the war is still raging and the general scarcity is still being deplored. Lady Harriet Cavendish, afterwards Countess Granville, thus describes, in a sprightly letter to a cousin, her reception at Trentham, in the absence of her host:

We fared sumptuously at the rich man's table. Our reception really has been ridiculous, but you shall judge. The dinner for us two was soup, fish, fricassee of chicken, cutlets, venison, veal, hare, vegetables of all kinds, tart, melon, pineapple, grapes, peaches, nectarines with wine in proportion. Six servants to wait on us, whom we did not dare dispense with, a gentleman in waiting and a fat old housekeeper hovering round the door to listen, I suppose, if we should chance to express a wish. Before this sumptuous repast was digested, about four hours later, the doors opened and in was pushed a supper in the same proportions, in itself enough to have fed us for a week. I did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Evidently, the war made no difference to the sumptuous hospitality of Trentham. Nor, for that matter, does it seem to have been expected of the great nobles that they should set good examples of prudent economy.

One side-light more. In 1797 a public subscription, or voluntary loan, was opened at the Bank of England. The King headed it with £20,000. The Royal Princesses, greatly daring and rather nervous—as readers of Madame D'Arblay's "Diary" will remember—lest their father should disapprove, put their names down for £100 each. We get just a peep at the scene at the Bank in a letter from the Bishop of London. "I was at the bank on Saturday," wrote Dr. Porteus, "to contribute my own quota and saw several lady subscribers, and even servants sending small sums, collected among themselves, of from £10 to £15." And among those who helped to swell the total of £2,000,000 collected from this source was the gallant Lord Nelson himself. "I hope all the nation will subscribe liberally," he wrote to a friend, "and you will believe that I do not urge others to give and withhold myself. I mean to debar myself of many comforts to serve my country, and I expect great consolation every time I cut a slice of salt beef instead of mutton." Could there be a better word in season for ourselves? To debar ourselves of many comforts to serve our country—that is the need of the moment, and it could not be better put.

F.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### TENDER SHRUBS ON NORTH WALLS.

ONE of the commonest mistakes in gardening is to presume that plants coming from a warmer climate require all the sun and warmth of a south wall when grown in an English garden. Times out of number this has proved a fallacy in actual experience, and still 90 per cent. of gardening books continue to recommend plants for south and west walls that give far better results in a north or north-east aspect. A plant which is considered one of the tenderest of all climbing shrubs is the *Lapageria*. It is a native of Chile and is usually grown in the greenhouse or conservatory for its rose-coloured, pendulous flowers. Many attempts have been made to grow this climber in the open on a south wall without success. And yet in the same gardens the *Lapageria* is being grown satisfactorily in

a north aspect, and the plants are flowering freely at the present time. The Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, writing from Nuneham Park, Oxford, in a recent issue of the *Garden* says:

"I have several *Lapagerias*, some of them 10ft. high, growing well on north walls. They have been in flower already for several weeks, and will continue so until after Christmas. The white variety is included as well as the red, but seems less vigorous. In planting, a little peat was mixed with the natural soil (which is green-sand). I find that they do not do well on a south exposure." The blue *Passiflora cerulea* and *Solanum jasminoides*, both natives of Southern Brazil, are other climbers that succeed best on a north or north-east wall, and what may appear more remarkable is that they continued to flower this year even after the hard frosts of November. That *Solanum jasminoides* is not the



SOLANUM JASMINOIDES GROWING OVER A GARDEN DOORWAY.

delicate climber it is supposed to be may be gathered from the illustration on page 875 of a well clothed doorway in Mr. Philip Ashworth's garden in Cheshire. The two plants here shown are seven years old, and only slightly protected by matting during the winter. Of all the climbing plants for a north wall, few have given greater pleasure than *Actinidia chinensis*, which is extremely beautiful in foliage and trailing growth.

#### LILACS AND THE PLANTING SEASON.

**W**HEN Lilac-time comes round it is quite the usual thing to hear expressions of regret that new and improved varieties were forgotten in the planting season. It is not too late for them to be planted now.

Lilacs are particularly easy to grow, and for this reason they are usually neglected and left to take care of themselves. There is something about Lilac blossom so natural and inviting, linking spring with summer, that the plants are surely worthy of better attention than is usually bestowed upon them. The Lilac loves a deeply cultivated and well manured soil, and while it also appreciates plenty of air and room for development, it strongly resents being wedged in by evergreens in an overcrowded shrubbery. Some years ago Dutchmen were unrivalled for their Lilacs. That this was not due to any special advantage in soil or climatic conditions is proved by the fact that Dutchmen came to this country and succeeded in growing equally good Lilacs here. The secret of success lay in the fact that the plants were most liberally fed on sewage manure. They were spaced out in an open part of the nursery when the wood was well ripened, and they were subject to severe disbudding for two or three years before they were sold. Complaints are often heard about Lilac failing to flower. In nine cases out of ten it is due to the wood not having ripened owing to the overcrowding of the growth. The pruning of Lilac is very simple. It consists of cutting away the old flower-

heads and thinning out weak shoots as soon as the flowering season is over.

Lilacs are almost as notorious as Plums for throwing up suckers, and these should be grubbed up at all seasons of the year. Very often the choicer varieties of Lilacs are grafted upon the common Lilac stock, and should the suckers be allowed to grow the choicer variety will all too quickly be replaced by the common form. Many nurserymen supply Lilacs on their own roots from cuttings or layers, and this is a great advantage, since it diminishes the evil of being overrun by suckers.

Some of the old varieties of Lilac have graced our gardens for generations. They are beautiful, but there are improved varieties of better quality in fragrance and gracefulness, such, for example, as: Single white—Marie Legraye, Mlle. Fernande Viger, alba grandiflora; double white—Miss Ellen Willmott, Marie Lemoine and Mme. Abel Chatenay; single-flowered coloured varieties—Souvenir de Louis Späth, Charles X (both deep reds), Negro (deep purple), Othello (claret red), Pasteur (wine red), Philemon (dark red), Mme. F. Morel (deep purple); double-flowered coloured varieties—Maurice de Vilmorin (deep claret red), Dr. Troyanosky (azure blue), La Tour d'Auvergne (violet purple), Comte de Kerchove (rich rosy red).

All of the foregoing are free flowering and, given good cultivation, may be relied upon to produce large panicles of blossom, either under glass or in the open border. Lilacs are among the most suitable of all shrubs for forcing, and the panicles of bloom retain their beauty for many weeks in a cool conservatory after being forced into bloom in a warm, moist house with a night temperature of 60deg. F.

Lilacs and Laburnums should be planted together in borders and along carriage drives. Very charming effects may be obtained, since it is usual for them to flower at the same time.

To cut armfuls of fragrant Lilac blossom in May is one of the joys of gardening, and a basket of Lilac makes a delightful gift to a friend.

H. C.

## LITERATURE.

The "Country Life" Anthology of Verse, edited by P. Anderson Graham. (COUNTRY LIFE Office, 20, Tavistock Street, W.C.)

**H**ERE is a little book of joy, of comfort, too—qualities of primary importance at a time like this. It is a book of songs, of singing. I should like to send a copy to every trench; they would be well thumbed, well loved copies before a week was over. "You might send a few books, too," wrote a soldier recently, "and don't forget a bit of poetry, mind. Only—it must be good, simple stuff—the real article, something the men can understand. They read poetry now—when they can get it. They love it." Well, here is the very book to send. It has happiness and beauty in it on every page, it has depth as well, above all there is courage, hope and tenderness: it holds the essential English spirit. With hardly an exception, the poems have sprung from hearts touched into fire by emotion—true songs, that is to say, and, while technique may vary, the authentic singing is almost always there. It is what the soldier called "the real article." I am sending copies out to the trenches; I hope others who read these words will do the same.

All the poems have appeared at one time or another in COUNTRY LIFE—certainly, the colour and fragrance of English country life rise from the very ink and paper. Open the little volume, and you hear the mavis sing; the murmur of woodland streams among the beeches haunts the ear; the poplars rustle; you see the stars above the Sussex downs. The selection obviously has been a work of love, but the fine taste that made it has done so with the heart as well as with the head. In my travels, with luggage reduced to a minimum, six books has been my rule. I must now take seven. "Experience shows," writes the editor in a word of introduction, "that in times of greatest stress what is real in poetry comes as a solace because it corresponds with the depth, tenderness, and emotional force evoked by stress and grief. Soldiers in the trenches have developed a hitherto latent taste for poetry, just as they have shown a resurgence of religious feeling." In other words, the heart is open, and must be fed. And I would quote another passage, since it expresses better than I can precisely what I feel about this particular anthology: "There are poems to suit many tastes, but there are none given over to vague, ill defined emotion or any merely fanciful sentimentality. There are poems for to-day of 'the lads who have gone to the war,' and of those who will

come back no more. The poems of loss and regret will appeal to the many who have heard the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. And it is hoped that the beautiful poems of our countryside, of our grey seas and tumbling burns, will be read with joy by soldiers far from home and land where their hearts are. May they prove to be pictures as intimate to their hearts as the remembrance of dear familiar faces."

In any brief notice of a book of poems that gives pleasure as this one does, it is difficult, and invidious, perhaps, to make quotations. Many poets of established fame have contributed to COUNTRY LIFE; others who have since attained to distinction sent to it their earliest verses; unknown writers made their appearance, too, in the post-bag from all parts of the world. In the 200 pages there is something to suit all tastes. From the searching lines called "Territorials," by Agnes Falconer, and a very poignant poem of Miss Friedlaender ("Passover") at the beginning, down to the beauty and restrained sweetness of C. F. Keary's "Valedictio" towards the close, there is a rich choice to be enjoyed. The deft arrangement of the contents makes it easy to find something for the dominant mood of the reader at the moment: "The Days of War," "Desideria," "Country Life," "Love and Life," "Poems of Places," "Sea Magic," "Lullabies," and so forth. "I saw history in a poet's song," as John Drinkwater puts it, "and I saw the glory of all dead men in a shadow that went by the side of me." This modest little book enshrines a moment of our history in its songs of the war; it records what our singers (and minor singers are just as authentic as the major singers!), have felt and thought. They interpret for the army of the inarticulate. Read the "Wykhamist" (Nora Griffiths) with its touch of fire at the close:

. . . . . You . . . . "died of wounds," they told me,  
 . . . . . Yet your feet  
 Pass with the others down the twilight street.

and Isabel Butchart's "Separation" and Agnes Falconer's "In vain, in vain and all in vain," with its courageous note, "there is no sorrow—save our own." It is, as I say, difficult to quote with fairness from this delightful book. It holds many names well known to lovers of true poetry: Henley, Jane Barlow, Laurence Binyon, Walter de la Mare, Margaret Sackville, Laurence Housman, Violet Jacobs, the Laureate himself, with William H. Davies, Henry Newbolt, James Elroy Flecker, Fiona Macleod and many, many



others. Mrs. Gurney and A. Hepple Dickinson are well loved by the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, and are exquisitely represented here. I hope by Christmas there will be many of our fighting men in the trenches who will taste the joy and comfort that these poems hold. They will realise, at any rate, that all over England there are singers who think of them with gratitude and love. It is a book to slip into your next parcel!

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

#### FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY.

LAST summer, in a friendly country house, I exhumed from a cupboard an album full of photographs of persons whom I knew, or at least had met, though not in the costumes, nor at the time of life, which had served them to sit for their portraits. What a pleasant, illuminating hour we passed, poring over the likeness of these old friends with new faces! For few people see even a familiar face from quite the same angle, and one generally learns something about either the person portrayed or the person who portrays by the time one has left the studio or shut up the book.

Something of this observant, reminiscent pleasure Miss Winifred Stephens has given me by the perusal of her volume, "French Novelists of To-day" (The Bodley Head). I know, or at least have a casual acquaintance with, all the writers on her list; and their works, at least, are the intimate familiars of my leisure hours. And she, too, knows them well. Of course, we do not always look at them from the same standpoint, which makes it much more interesting.

I, for instance, should have begun with Romain Rolland; he seems to me quite the biggest figure in her show, although for my own pleasure, let me avow, I more often pick up one of René Boylesve's country novels than "Jean-Christophe." As Miss Stephens has very clearly seen, Romain Rolland is the least French of great French writers. He ought to have been Swiss; there is nothing Latin or classic in him; his intense individualism, his moral earnestness, his lyric love of nature (so different from M. Boylesve's observant, realistic, agronomic comprehension of the life of a countryside), all this and also something querimonious, scolding, old-womanish (and to me, I must own, intensely displeasing), recall Rousseau at least once or twice in every one of the seventeen *Cahiers* of his grand, unforgettable, interminable "Jean-Christophe." Yes, he is the Rousseau of our times, with his exquisite sentiment, his delicacy of touch on the finest fibres of our being, and also with his (if I may say so) maudering crankiness. Here, at bottom (though she is politer), I fancy that Miss Stephens and I are quite agreed; but where she makes me smile, I admit, is when she attributes this Teutonic element (as she calls it) in Romain Rolland to his Burgundian stock. For M. Rolland comes from the Morvan, and the original Burgundian tribes were, it seems, woodcutters in German forests! But if you go so far back as that, my dear Miss Stephens, *quis sustinebit?* We shall be having you arrested next as a Saxon, on account of your relationship to Hengist and Horsa!

No, the son of the lawyer of Clamecy is French enough by descent; it is music that has rapt him to a realm whence our frontier lines and boundary posts are no longer visible; and Beethoven was his Teutonic ancestor. One of Miss Stephens' happiest pages is that suggestive passage in which she demonstrates the influence on the development of "Jean-Christophe" of those Lives of Great Men (perhaps M. Rolland's most accomplished work) which were the novelist's *parerga* during the eight-year-long elaboration of his masterpiece:

The biographies may be regarded as studies for certain phases of Jean-Christophe's life; the *Beethoven* corresponds with "L'Aube" and "Le Matin"; the *Michel Ange* with "La Révolte"; and the *Tolstoi* with the "Buisson Ardent."

This is both true and wise; it explains something incoherent, imperfectly vitalised, what the French call a *solution de continuité*, in the character of M. Rolland's hero. Into his novel the author has poured all his experiences and all his meditations, as Bernard Palissy fed his furnace with all his household goods. And indeed, for my part, in the later history of the choleric, poetic Jean-Christophe I see more than one trait that recalls the author's friend and publisher, Charles Péguy.

The death of Péguy! There would have been an end for Jean-Christophe! All literary Europe, a few years ago, wondered how best Jean-Christophe could shuffle off this mortal coil. One eminent hand wrote to the author suggesting that his hero should disappear in the wreck of the Titanic,

conducting the band; another wished him to wander away alone and die in the desert, after the fashion of Tolstoi. But the death of Péguy, defending his country, leading his men to the assault at the battle of the Marne—Ah, there's the weak point of M. Romain Rolland's hero; he cannot just now be *our* hero! Jean-Christophe was an enemy alien; at the battle of the Marne he would have been fighting in the Prussian ranks. The Florentines, we know, used to choose their Podestà from among a foreign nation, thinking that thus he would be less involved in the hereditary factions of the city and see things with a clearer eye. Doubtless M. Rolland had some such aim in view. But that foreign hero makes his book intolerable to us just now. That a Boche should dare to scold, to rate, to rant, to criticise our France! All the unparalleled beauty of the purely sentimental passages of Jean-Christophe cannot, just now, atone for the impertinences and misunderstandings of the volume entitled "La Foire sur la Place."

The essay on Romain Rolland is, perhaps, the most substantial of Miss Stephens' studies, but, on the principle of "ladies first," she begins with Madame Tinayre.

I do not quite agree with Miss Stephens' estimate of this important writer; I do not see her as the "consummate artist," the mistress of proportion, grace and tact. I should say rather: She has a sort of magic, similar to colour or melody, which often disguises the inadequacy of her compositions; her art aspires to the condition of music. She knows how to project, from her mind into ours, a violent, an incomparable sentiment, as the waters in the marble fountains at Versailles overflow and drop from one basin into another. She might say, with Saint Hildegard: *Symphonialis est anima*. And she has the culture of a man. But her fault is a lack of measure and order which lets her story meander in a perpetual flux. And in her treatment of that passion of love which is the groundwork of all her books there is something warm, luscious, heavy, almost sticky (like the perfume of certain great thick white flowers), which goes to the head and does not always quite satisfy the heart. There is a great deal of what the French call "temperament" in the love stories of Madame Tinayre, and that quality has its advantages—and its disadvantages.

Where she is a mistress of her art—and really the equal, I believe, of George Sand—is in the description of nature, the sense of country life. Especially in "L'Ombre de l'Amour," where she puts us in contact with her own familiar country of Corrèze. Indeed, remembering "Marie-Claire" and the "Mill on the Floss"—comparing them with "Our Lady of Nohant" and Madame Tinayre—I have sometimes wondered whether one of the greatest gifts of woman as a novelist may not lie in her singular power of rendering country life in all the variety of its personages, its customs and its natural background.

But after all, what amusement is quite so vain as theorising? Who has a finer sense of French country life than the man called René Boylesve? When I read one of his books, I do not think of the descriptions, but the volume slips from my hands. And I see the Plain of Touraine under its customary sky of sunny grey, its great wide rivers, its rocky cavernous cliffs, its forests of Loches and Amboise, its rambling lanes sunk deep between two rows of pollard willows, its great, straight, white highroads that the aspens fleck with shadow, and all the pleasant sequence of woods and fields which seem to be reasonably deduced the one from the other like the different parts of a discourse. Miss Stephens is right in saying that his genius records "that passionate attachment to the earth and the fruits thereof, and that reverence for the daily toil that makes it to bring forth and bud, which has rendered France one of the most prosperous nations under the sun."

MARY DUCLAUX.

**The Way They Have in the Army**, by Thomas O'Toole. (The Bodley Head.)

THERE have been many books lately written about the Army, but none quite on the lines of this one. The author wisely assumes that his readers know next to nothing and gives them a great deal of information which they would find it difficult to ferret out for themselves. Thus he has a chapter on "How the Army is arranged," a plain, straightforward statement setting forth, let us say by way of example, the respective natures of a Division, a platoon and a Brigade Major. Then he will turn to things of a rather more sentimental or historic interest. He gives the different bugle calls and the traditional words that the soldier has set to them, of which the most familiar instance is "Officers' wives get puddings and pies." We have a very useful plate in colours of the various medal ribbons and a chapter on the mottoes, nicknames and privileges of regiments. We learn the history of the "flash" of the Welsh Fusilier, that mysterious little piece of black cloth that hangs down the back of his tunic and is the last relic of the time when all regiments wore pig-tails. We learn also that the Royal



Fusiliers have the right of marching through the streets of the City with fixed bayonets without the Lord Mayor's authority. Surely, however, the author is not accurate in stating that the Fusiliers are the only regiment so privileged. Have not the Buffs something to say to this? At other times the author, in a more casual and light-hearted mood, tells us a good deal about the general habits and special language of the British soldier, and speaks with becoming awe of the surpassing greatness of the Sergeant-Major. It is all very interesting and would be still more so if the author did not sometimes fall into the common error of thinking that the way to write well is to use some other than the most obvious and simple expression, and, further, that there is great virtue in inverted commas. He is sometimes too hearty for our taste and at others too sprightly, as when he calls our soldiers "our dashing boys," or alludes to "the much appreciated preference they enjoy from the fair sex over their civilian brethren." It is a pity that he should use such lamentable expressions, but, in spite of them, he has produced a pleasant and useful little book.

**The Path of Glory,** by Anatole France. (The Bodley Head.)

THIS book is published in honour of the memory of Jean-Pierre Barbier, a young French writer of great promise, who was killed in action on last Christmas Eve. Only an hour before he died he had written "J'aurai une belle nuit de Noël, comme je souhaitais en avoir une, au bruit de la mêlée." It consists of a number of the writings of M. Anatole France on the war, both in the original text and as translated by Mr. Alfred Allinson. All are full of distinction. Even when M. France is saying something that has been said before, that we might almost venture to call obvious, he says it with all that masterly grace which, in such a case, belongs pre-eminently to French writers. Of the various pieces we read two with particular pleasure. One is "Pour la Noël 1914," with its simple and beautiful description of Christmas Eve in a village in Provence—"Le villageois met dans le foyer un vieux tronc d'olivier séché avec soin et la couronne de lauriers. Le foyer fume et pétile, la flamme jaillit et le maître de la demeure ordonne au plus jeune enfant de la famille d'invoquer le feu. . . . 'O feu! réchauffe pendant l'hiver les pieds du vieillard et de l'orphelin. . .'" The other piece is called "D'Après Hérodote," and consists of a dialogue between Xerxes and Demaratus before Thermopylae. M. France says that his part has been only to bring together in a single dialogue a number of apophthegms and conversations scattered up and down the pages of Herodotus—a too modest description of a task faultlessly executed. The dialogue is extraordinarily apposite in the present circumstances and many of the words of Xerxes might come straight from the mouth of a monarch of to-day who believes "Le Ciel est pour moi." It is a little difficult justly to appraise the work of the translator. His task was admittedly a hard one. We are disposed to think that he would have done better now and then to adhere more literally to his text. It is certainly a mistake to insert so much as one unnecessary word. On one occasion "Notre Alsace" is rendered "Alsace, our Alsace," and the repetition is, to say the least, ineffective. What could possibly add to the poignant simplicity of the two words "Our Alsace"?

**Some Further Adventures of Mr. P. J. Davenant,** by Lord Frederic Hamilton. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THIS is a delightfully amusing and exciting book and Lady Lansdowne's "Officers' Families Fund," to which the author is devoting his profits, should benefit as richly as it deserves. For those who have not read Mr. Davenant's previous adventures it should be said that "P. J." is a Tonbridge schoolboy, sixteen years old and possessed of a Sherlockian genius for detective work, who helps to unmask and destroy a formidable confederacy of German spies known as the K.U.W. Of course, he is a super-boy. We cannot really believe in him, but that does not matter in the least. We love him and love to trace his likeness to his great prototype. He is not, as far as we know, a distinguished experimental chemist, nor, though fond of music, can he improvise on the violin as Holmes used to do. But he has nearly all the other familiar characteristics. He has a gift for minute observation and can look at a map for a minute and tell you all about him: he knows Bradshaw by heart and German perfectly: he is intimately acquainted with the properties of explosives and chlorine gas: he has a proper and justifiable contempt for Scotland Yard, and, finally, he is, in Jasper Petulengro's words, "a proper master of his hands when he sees occasion for using them." There is one deliciously Sherlockian touch in the story of how "P. J." notices a number of slurred g's in a typewritten letter and, by means of a trick, identifies the typewriter with which it was written. As the Master himself would have said, "we recall a parallel instance" from the story of James Windybank, who used to typewrite his love-letters as Hosmer Angell. All this is not to say that there is anything of plagiarism about these stories. "P. J." is frankly a Sherlockian and his adventures are as fresh and original as they can be. They are of a varied and blood-curdling character and include the gassing of Germans in a tunnel under a railway line, where the miscreants were lying in wait to blow up the Royal train. Ciphers, stolen documents, messages sewed into backs of coats, dungeons in old Cornish castles, handbags full of deadly explosives—all these and many other things send a succession of exquisite thrills down the reader's spine, and the author has besides a very pleasant sense of humour. Indeed, there may be a few stolid, matter-of-fact people who will feel uncomfortable because they will not quite know how seriously they are to take the author and how seriously he takes himself. But they will be the "negligible minority" of which we hear so much nowadays, and nothing but a fixed bayonet would make them do their duty and enjoy themselves as they ought.

**The Fortunes of Garin,** by Mary Johnston. (Constable.)

THE author of "By Order of the Company" has put her name to several charming stories. And charm is the chief feature of her latest book, *The Fortunes of Garin*. It is, in fact, the embroidery of life, with all the coarser work left out. The story is of the age of chivalry; the scene "the pleasant

land of France." Garin of the Golden Island, after hesitating between the monastic life and the life of romance, chooses the latter, and, like Don Quixote, goes forth to seek his fortune and his lady. His adventures make a tapestry of charming pictures connected with a thread of romance, which, though it fails to deeply stir our imagination, succeeds in greatly pleasing our fancy. Knights and ladies, troubadours and crusaders, throng the pages, posing gracefully in arbours and baronial halls, winding in procession over the plains and up the hills to the towns and castles perched aloft, and engaging in a picturesque warfare that is like a graceful pastime compared with that of modern times. If Miss Johnston's theme is old-world, her style is modern of the modern. She has adopted the spasmodic, enigmatical manner that one somehow connects with the so-called Post-impressionism. Describing Duke Richard's life in the Castle of Angoulême, she tells us: "Martialness was the tone where he went, with traceable threads of song, threads of religiousness. Colour had violence, and yet with suddenness and for short whiles might soften to tenderness. Idea clothed itself promptly in emotion, emotion ran hot-foot into action, but none of the three were film-like, momentary. Impetuous, they owned a solidity." For the encouragement of those who might be put off, we may say that much of the book is written in Miss Johnston's earlier and simpler style.

**For This I Had Borne Him,** by G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder.)

THE title of this book is a misnomer; for Dick, the hero of the little story, was neither born nor begotten by the narrator: he was no relation at all, but a kind of adopted son. One can guess why the author has chosen this device, and one respects his motive; but the title of the book is not justified by its contents. The story tells how a schoolboy, not unlike hundreds of other English schoolboys, sailed and fished in the Broads in August of 1914, and how he fell in love with the Vicar's pretty daughter and played tennis and gathered blackberries with her. In autumn he should have gone to Oxford; but he never went to Oxford, and it is quite unnecessary to state the reason. One is reminded of an old inscription in Winchester cloisters in memory of a long dead scholar: "primus erat in schola, nec, ut speramus, ultimus in cælo, quo pro Oxonia adiit." Dick was not head of his school, but he was a modest, simple, manly boy, who heard his country's call and answered it at the cost of his life. It may be argued that the time has not yet come when these events are a suitable subject for fiction: they touch too many English men and women too nearly, and many will feel that silence alone is adequate. But, if this subject is admitted, it must be allowed that Mr. Bradby has avoided the grievous faults of which an inferior hand would certainly have been guilty: he writes quite simply, without rhetoric or melodrama, and few parents in these days will be able to read this little story without emotion.

**The Accolade,** by Ethel Sidgwick. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

MISS SIDGWICK'S new novel, *The Accolade*, deals with the history of another branch of the house of Ingestre, a family already familiar and endeared to readers of her last two books, "A Lady of Leisure" and "Duke Jones." We therefore meet again, though words cannot say how much too seldom, her swift, elusive, former heroine, Violet Shovell, as well as Violet's engaging husband, Charles, and the satisfyingly great Dr. Ashwin, Violet's father. Greatness is a dangerous rock that has wrecked many a novel, but Miss Sidgwick, having triumphantly demonstrated in more than one of her earlier books that it is a subject peculiarly amenable to her delicate methods of suggestion and restraint, turns this time to another aspect of it, and one even more difficult to portray—the theme of greatness *manqué*. And once more she is brilliantly successful. Young John Ingestre, for all his maker's deliberately light touch and fastidious reticences, convinces the reader from the first of some pent nucleus of power, and is therefore throughout a figure of tragedy. Driven by the insistent demands of art towards a road on which alone for him peace could lie, he is tortured, at twenty-two, by a passionate affection for his mother, who never fully realises the sacrifice, into turning back; and at the same time, as the easiest way of escaping his father's intolerable rule, he marries a girl debarred by temperament from understanding him. Few men could extricate themselves from such a double disaster as this, and Miss Sidgwick is too fine an artist to outrage probability by any crudely happy ending. Ursula, the unloved and thoroughly detestable wife (Miss Sidgwick has as sure a way with detestableness as with charm), does not die to make room for John's "golden girl," but John himself, the old John, undisciplined and debonair, "defying authority, taking what he wanted of those that passed, a gentleman of the road," learns, in what constitutes a very fine and noble ending, a great love's supreme lesson of unselfishness. Miss Sidgwick writes with a beautiful distinction and discrimination, and is at joyous ease in that most difficult form of character-drawing—dialogue.

V. H. F.

**The Queen's Gift Book.** (Hodder and Stoughton.)

LAST on the list of handsome gift books which have been issued during the year to help one phase or another of the necessities engendered by the war comes *The Queen's Gift Book*, which is published in aid of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals for soldiers and sailors who have lost their limbs in the war. Like its predecessors, the illustrations, of which the first is the portrait of Her Majesty by William Llewellyn, A.R.A., show a very high standard of colour reproduction, but, in addition, the book itself stands out, and most appropriately so, as an essentially British compilation. From the foreword by John Galsworthy, to the delightful word picture of the Campagna by Mrs. Humphry Ward with which it closes, its pages are filled with the best work of well known national writers. Between these two we find Mr. Balfour, Sir J. M. Barrie, E. F. Benson, Joseph Conrad, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, those ever-welcome collaborators E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross, Sir Gilbert Parker and a host of writers too numerous to mention, but all familiar. There are at least four good animal stories or sketches, and although the war naturally figures considerably in its pages, it does not overshadow the other contributions, which are representative of the best work of our modern writers.

## RIDING LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

[IT happens that the most delightful of winter pastimes for children, that of riding on horseback, is at the present time the one most deserving of encouragement. The war has forced on our attention the merits of all open-air qualifications, but of none more than this. At the greatest emergency in which the country has ever been, young men have in many instances had to mount and ride for the first time in their lives on the errand of righteous war, and girls also have in many cases had to ride on errands of mercy. We hope, therefore, that during the Christmas holidays every encouragement will be given to this pursuit, that the six year old will have a chance of riding to covert on Boxing Day, and his elders as often as is possible. Considering the importance of the subject, as well as its interest, we asked a distinguished amateur to write a few notes on this branch of youthful education, and what follows is the result.—ED.]



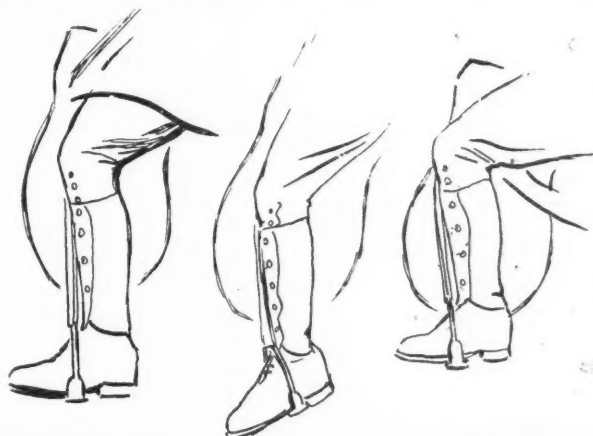
THE FAMILY COACHMAN IS NOT A GOOD COACH.

**I**N the first place, if you can possibly afford it, buy the first small steed for the beginner. A hired one never serves the purpose quite as well. Experience of many children has given him a hard mouth and manners not altogether excellent. Though no riding establishment would be so foolish as to let out an unsafe mount for the use of a child, yet the unfair and unwise treatment that is his ordinary fate make him, in my opinion, unsuitable for the young beginner. Nor do I believe the riding master, however skilful, is the best first teacher. I think none can compare with father or mother, even though much less competent with horses, for the child has greater confidence in the parent than in an outsider. If the parent is unable to ride from any cause, and no well known relation or family friend is available, a qualified professional riding master should be sought. Speaking generally, the coachman is not a qualified coach, and however good he may be in other directions, he seldom possesses those qualities which make the good teacher. One great advantage which follows the training given by unprofessional teachers is that the child seldom looks on the lesson as a task, as he is apt to do in the other case. As soon as complete confidence comes and the initial stages are mastered, if the parent's powers are not sufficient to allow him to give instruction of high order, the child should be put under a riding master who is really qualified, that he may learn properly. Bad habits are as easily acquired as they are difficult to change. On the other hand, a proper foundation laid in childhood goes a very long way towards making the good horseman. Ask your riding friends how many first flight horsemen of their acquaintance took their earliest riding lesson when out of their teens. Unless I am much mistaken, you will find in most, if not in all instances they began quite young. To learn to ride when a child means that though circumstances may prevent the youngster from getting into the saddle again until much later in life, the early lessons are not forgotten and it becomes a simple matter at any time to start again.

Granted that the young child is to learn to ride his own pony, you must first choose his mount. Let nothing tempt you to buy one which has the broad back which belongs to many of our native ponies. The child, whether boy or girl, whose legs are stretched to sit a wide-backed animal can never be comfortable, and cannot learn to ride properly. A narrow pony with sloping shoulders should be chosen. Before purchasing him see that he does not shy at small objects

in the roadway, a fault too many have. They may ignore motors and traction engines, which the child, too, can see and if necessary be prepared for, but an unexpected piece of paper, or, worse still, a roadway grating, may cause a bad shy which unseats and alarms a child. His behaviour when with other horses should also be ascertained. A few years back I bought a pony who seemed everything that could be desired. His manners were good under ordinary conditions, but when with other horses he went off at a pace which alarmed my small child, who was unable to control him. But I do not propose to describe the ideal pony, and will merely add that it is false economy to spare £5 or £10 on the price of a good mannered child's pony. In many ways he is well worth the extra money.

Let us imagine the possession of a desirable mount and the young boy anxious to learn. For the sake of convenience I use the word boy, but it should equally well read girl, whose early lessons should also be given astride. Indeed, I think she may with advantage neglect the side saddle, at least until nearly out of her teens, if not altogether. When the pupil is first mounted, see that the stirrup irons give plenty of play to the foot. I would rather a child had a full size iron than one that only just took the foot. In the latter case there is grave danger of dragging in the event of a fall. Adjust the leathers to the length of the child's leg. They should not allow a too straight leg, nor should they be so short-



RIGHT LENGTH.

TOO LONG.

TOO SHORT.

as to prevent the whole thigh from keeping in close contact with the saddle. The pupil is now ready for the first lesson, which should be given in a meadow or enclosure, rather than on the road. The instructor should be on foot and should take the pony by a leading rein held quite close to the bridle. After a few turns round the field at a walk, he may be trotted. The pupil will not be able to rise properly until

several lessons have been given, so do not expect him to do so and do not refer to it. Indeed, I think it unwise to give him detailed instructions at first. They only bewilder and do no good. If you think the child has sufficient confidence, the rein can now be lengthened and the pony sent first at a walk and then at a slow trot, the instructor gradually getting further away from the pupil. But keep level with the pony's head. It is much more difficult for the child if his mount is sent round in a circle. The instructor should come closer again at once if there is the least sign of nervousness. It is essential that confidence should grow, as it will do if everything is done by gradual stages.



LEARNING TO JUMP.

Undue haste is likely to create fear, which will oftentimes undo all that has been learnt. For the instructor's sake as well as the child's, after half an hour at the most the first lesson should end, for he should not remain longer in the saddle during the preliminary stages.

When the pony is brought out for the second lesson, if not dispensed with altogether, the reins should be tied in a knot

and the first day's proceedings should be followed, except that the child should be made to fold his arms. I have a very great belief, based on teaching my own children in different ways, that the pupil more quickly gets confidence, learns to balance, to rise at the trot, etc., by this means than by any other. The natural inclination is to imagine that the reins are to hold on by. This means that the child leans forward, and balance, which is really the whole art of riding, is disturbed. He feels all the time that he is about to fall, and puts himself in a constrained position, with tautened muscles, which not only makes him uncomfortable but prevents progress. Do not say too much about sitting



"WHAT FATHER DOES I CAN DO."



up straight. If you do, the child's body muscles are tightened. He should sit as easily and unconsciously as he would if in a chair.

After several lessons the pupil should be taken out along some quiet lane. His teacher should ride an easily managed horse that will trot or canter slowly, since the led pony should not be compelled to stretch himself in order to keep up. The teacher who has his pupil immediately under his eye can thus more easily encourage him to do right. The child can now be taught to keep his heels down, in order that his thighs may grip well and his knees be kept in contact with the saddle. At intervals during the lesson the reins should be knotted and the child made to ride with folded arms. My experience is that by this means in a surprisingly short time even a quite young child gets down into the saddle, forms a good seat, gets balance, and can be trusted not to clutch at, or hang on by, the reins. In short, after one or two lessons on the road, the pupil has such complete confidence that the leading rein can be removed. By preference, this should be done first in a meadow or enclosure, but it is not really necessary, for the child will ride beside the instructor without the slightest fear of danger. It is hardly necessary to say he should not yet be allowed to ride along roadways without an attendant, but should be encouraged to do so

in the home paddock; indeed, he will want small inducement. After a little time, put up a small obstacle over which the pony can jump, and send the boy on him over it and then over a ditch. Keep the pony on a lungeing rein at first. There is no need to tell the tyro how to sit when jumping. His body is so supple that he will naturally adjust his balance if he is not handicapped by instruction. He will in a very little time as naturally accommodate himself to the pony's movements as he did to the nursery rocking horse.

Little more instruction of an elementary nature remains to be given. All else comes by practice, which not only develops the riding muscles, but allows the pupil to acquire a good style. Do all you can to help towards this end, for, once mastered, style cannot be lost easily. For this reason take the boy out with you as often as you can, and as you go along point out riding faults you see in him and other horse-men that may be met. It has not been possible here to more than outline a course of lessons for the young rider, but I hope sufficient has been said for the reader who wishes his son or daughter to learn to fill in the blanks. It should be remembered that the laying of a good foundation is just as essential in the case of a fearless child as of a nervous one, perhaps even more so. The methods here suggested are equally suitable to either.

PEMBROKE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A FIGHT IN THE AIR.

[The enclosed extracts are taken from a young aeroplane officer's letters to his father, by whose kind permission they are published. Our readers cannot often have seen in print such a graphic and life-like description of fighting in the air told by a captain who was in the thick of it.—ED.]

Received October 30, 1915.

"Yesterday I had rather an exciting time when up in an aeroplane. I was doing a reconnaissance with Lieutenant X., Royal Field Artillery, who is my pilot, when we were attacked by a German Fokker scout—a very fast small monoplane. I did not see it coming, I had my eyes looking on the ground behind the German lines. X. was watching the movements of a Fokker in the direction of R. We were at the time over Z., a town about three miles to four miles behind the German lines, and were being badly harassed by shells from German anti-aircraft guns, which we were trying to dodge.

"(We got a piece of shell through the plane above my head, another piece through the fuselage (body) behind the pilot's seat, and another through the wings.)

"In dodging we turned nearly right round and saw a Fokker coming towards us at a tremendous speed. He was nearly thirty miles an hour faster than us, so we turned and attacked him and got off about one dozen shots from a machine-gun at him before he got behind us. He passed within zoysds., firing all the time. Then X. suddenly dived, slipping sideways. I wondered for the moment whether he was hit. We went right under the Fokker and came up behind him and fired again; he dived steeper and steeper until he was going down about vertically and we after him, firing all the time. While reloading the machine-gun with another drum we were attacked by an Aviatik, and so lost sight of the Fokker. The first we knew of the presence of the Aviatik was the pip-pip-pip of their machine-guns—it had two on board. It was about 100ft. above us. We had lost about 3,500ft. in the last fight and were now only about 6,000ft. up, still over the German lines. X. put the nose of the machine up and we fired and drove him off, as we approached our own lines. About a second later when over our side of the canal, we again heard the zip-zip-zip of a machine-gun and saw a huge Albatross spiralling down on top of us. But he was so much above us that we could not properly fire at him. X. stood the machine on its tail, and during the second that we hovered we got off some rounds at him. We did this twice. The machine, after hovering, slid back a little tail first, then put its nose down and came level again. But the Albatross now drew off, as two French Morris Farman machines were coming quickly to our assistance. When I looked back I saw that there was a bullet hole through the wind screen just in front of the pilot's head. The bullet must have missed us both by a very little distance. The machine had several other bullet holes in it."

Received November 16, 1915.

"S. and I did a reconnaissance and also dropped a message bag over the German lines, telling them the fate of the two German Aviatiks who were shot down this side of the lines by one of our machines.

"I pointed out a Hun aeroplane far below us. S. dived the machine towards it. I had just before taken off my glove to note the time, but when S. dived I hastily aimed my machine-gun at the Hun. We dived 4,000ft. in about 8sec. to 10sec. from 9,500ft. We fired forty-five rounds at him, but I think missed, as he was only 2,000ft. off the ground. We dared not go lower, as we were on the German side of the trenches.

"I now found my exposed hand quite numb and almost blue. I narrowly escaped frost-bite, and I would have got it but I hit my hand on my knee all the way back. The circulation coming back was quite painful, and even next day it hurt, but it is quite all right now.

"It is curious to think that in less than 10sec. that could happen. It was freezing on the ground, and at 10,000ft. it was 30deg. below the temperature on the ground."

Received December 1, 1915.

"The other day when I was up we were caught in a snow-storm and were thirty-five minutes without seeing the ground more than three times, and then only for a few seconds. At one time we came out of the storm and I had just recognised where we were when we were enveloped again in the clouds of drifting snow, and all was obscured. Soon our engine began to fail, and we had to come down hoping that we could find a clear field to land in. At 500ft. up we saw A—— Station below us and as the engine began to pick up we followed along the line, which we soon lost in a thicker drift of snow. At last we came out, and I at once saw where we were, and was guiding the pilot (who was a new man out here; S., my old pilot, having gone home to England) when the engine failed altogether and we had to do a sharp turn at about 300ft. up to get into the wind. We just cleared some trees, and rose slightly over a field of hop-poles and landed in a ploughed field. I was very glad when we arrived safely on mother earth, as both my pilot and myself thought that we were in for a certain smash.

"Then the snowstorm came on again and we spent a most arduous hour and a half taxi-ing the machine over a ploughed field and along a road to a hard patch of grass where the machine could be flown back to the aerodrome when the engine had been put all right."

"The other day we had a visit from the Huns. One of our squadrons had been persistently dropping bombs on one of the German aerodromes. So the Huns retaliated on us. One morning I was sitting in my office when I heard someone say that there was a Bosche machine in the sky. So I came out to have a look at it. Then I saw another, then another, and yet another—nine in all. On they came, we knew at once what they had come to do, but hoped that they were going to drop their bombs somewhere else. And, thank goodness, seven of the nine did turn over P. and drop their bombs there. But two came steadily on and on. I was standing near the sergeant-major, who was looking at them through a telescope. Suddenly he shouted 'They have dropped their eggs,' and ran for the nearest ditch; several people threw themselves on the ground, and I walked into the office hoping that the wall would keep off any splinters. Then we heard a long whistling noise, then two huge explosions. But, luckily, they were on the further side of the road; then two more fell in about the same place.

"All the damage that was done was one Belgian workman killed and five cows, also the side of a cottage blown in."

### THE WILTON PARK CEDARS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To the comments of your esteemed contributor last week it may be of interest to add that the late Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery favoured the present writer with information to the effect that the third Earl of Devonshire, and father of the first Duke of Devonshire, the fourth Earl of Pembroke and first Earl of Montgomery, who was Lord Chamberlain of the Household to Charles I, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford,

together with the Bishop of London of that day, sent out two collectors to the Holy Land, who returned from Lebanon in 1640 with, among other things, some cedars, now flourishing in Wilton Park, and from which the cones were taken that King Edward and Queen Alexandra planted on the occasion of their last visit. Lord Savile, in a letter to me concerning the great cedar at Rufford Abbey, stated that the tree was planted by Charles II about 1675, as being quite a new importation in England. A specimen close to London is the cedar at Enfield House, planted about 1683 by Dr. Robert Uvedale, a distinguished botanist of his time, who became notorious as the person who snatched one of the escutcheons from the bier at the funeral of Oliver Cromwell. He was also one of the first possessors of a hothouse for plants in this country. At Oatlands Park, Weybridge, is a cedar said to have been planted by Prince Henry, youngest son of Charles I. One of the most beautiful examples of the tree in full growth is at Titchmarsh Rectory, Northamptonshire. The Vicar informed me that this was planted, according to tradition, in 1627, and was said to be then twenty years old. It is over 76ft. in height, and its spread at least 100yds. in circumference. Professor Newton and Canon Tristram of Durham, both authorities, considered it had no equal in Great Britain.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

#### SIR SCHOMBERG McDONNELL'S CARE OF WILD BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I add my tribute to the memory of Sir Schomberg McDonnell, whose death was so feelingly recorded in your Christmas number? He was a keen ornithologist. The Royal parks are under the control of the Office of Works, and during his secretaryship Sir Schomberg, as I can bear witness, took the greatest interest in the preservation of the birds, particularly those in Richmond Park. It was there that I met him. One Sunday afternoon in April, 1911, as I was watching a family of great crested grebes on the Pen Pond, a gentleman joined me who, after borrowing my binoculars to look at the grebes, suggested a walk. In previous years herons, which nest in the Park, had sometimes carried off the young grebes, and my companion, who, it was clear, was someone in authority, told me that, in order to preserve the grebes, he had given orders to the keepers to shoot any marauding heron which might be caught red-handed. I soon found that this pleasant stranger had an intimate knowledge of the birds to be found in the Park. Among other things, he told me that he had once seen a cirl-bunting there—"a harmony in chocolate and lemon" was his description of the bird. Could anything be more apt? Presently he asked if I would care to go into Sidmouth plantation to see the heronry. Of course, I gladly assented. As he unlocked the gate into the wood a keeper asked his name, and it was then I learnt that my new friend was Sir Schomberg McDonnell, at that time secretary to the Office of Works. He asked me to let him know if I discovered anything out of the common in my frequent visits to the Park and accordingly we corresponded at intervals during the next year or so. Once I was able to tell him of the coming of a solitary American robin, which made its home close to Robin Hood Gate one spring, built a nest, and after some weeks disappeared. In his reply, while admitting that the occurrence was interesting, he rather regretted it, for he explained that his object was to maintain Richmond Park as a preserve for purely British birds and animals. For the same reason he resented the introduction by some misguided enthusiast of the grey American squirrels, which of late years have overrun the place; and he asked me to keep an eye on them, since he strongly suspected that they were robbers of birds' nests. On the other hand, I believe it was he, in furtherance of his scheme of an all-British preserve, who caused the badgers, which have since founded a flourishing colony, to be turned down in Richmond Park. I never saw Sir Schomberg McDonnell again, but I owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. During that pleasant Sunday ramble he gave me a practical proof of his keen sympathy with a fellow-enthusiast and of his readiness to help him, by offering spontaneously a boon which has been of inestimable value to me, and has been the means of adding tenfold to my knowledge of birds.—J. R. H.

#### IMPROVING THE HORSE SUPPLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The interesting article on breeding such horses as we want for Army and other useful purposes in COUNTRY LIFE, December 18th, should be read and pondered over by horse breeders. What farmers want is encouragement to act at once. Let the Government offer three prizes for foals. Condition to be by a thoroughbred horse out of suitable hunter or hackney mare. Offer prizes, £30, £20 and £10, to be competed for at county shows in East Anglia, for example, Essex, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. This would only cost the Government £60 for each county. The prizes must be three in number, one prize would merely go to a breeder and farmers would think it no use. This might be an encouragement which would be worth while for farmers to compete.—HERMAN BIDDLE.

#### "DISHING."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I understand dishing to be an outward throw of the fore legs and feet at the end of the stroke. I have not had many horses that dished, for I regard it as a great defect of action and a dangerous one. Of course, there are degrees of dishing, but when it is bad it is a very serious fault. I have had three bad dishers. One, the brown hunter I wrote of, was the worst hack I ever rode, though an excellent hunter. I always put his faults on the road down to his dishing. The second was a high caste Arab bought in Bombay for racing. The third, a half Arab mare which was given me, was the worst disher I ever saw. Her owner would not ride her, and she came to me as a wheeler in a team. The fault is not uncommon in Arabs and common in other Eastern horses of which I have had experience, among which the Morocco Barb is not one. But the question that suggests itself to me is that, after all, it is not a very common fault in England. But it is a defect almost a deformity. "Daisy cutting" is a comparatively venial fault. I do not know that daisy cutters are more liable to fall than other horses. Horses

with fine action often stumble quite as badly as those which go close to the ground. Stumbling is rather a certain slowness of perception of obstacles in the path, natural to some horses, and certainly in Arabs is partly due to their habit of looking about them and not looking where they are putting their feet down. Horses clearly note the obstacles in their path carefully. I once had a one-eyed hunter, and he always went at his fences in such a position that the good eye was looking towards the fence. I may add that he was a very safe and even brilliant fencer. I doubt, however, if dishing is hereditary in a great majority of cases. In one point I have always agreed with Mr. Hope Brooke, the necessity of inspecting the stock of a stallion for half-breds. In the case of racehorses the winnings of the stock are the best testimonial to the sire. But with half-bred stock from King's Premium and other thoroughbred horses travelling the country a thorough inspection of the stock is really necessary to the formation of any true judgment as to the merits of a horse as a sire.—X.

#### THE NEW CHOP: A REVOLUTION IN THE PRODUCTION OF MUTTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There have long been conflicting opinions as to which is the best type of sheep for the production of mutton; but at last that question is solved. The consuming public are tired of large joints and excessive fatness, and among no class will the change which has been effected by breeders and feeders of the best be more appreciated than by those who love a mutton chop. An average chop, like an average loin, bought at an average butcher's shop, provides quite a small fillet of lean with a large proportion of fat, from which a portion has been trimmed, and a partially inedible scrag, most of which is refused by the consumer when it is brought to the table. All this has been changed. Let us see how the change has been effected. It is well known to all connected with the production of stock that at Smithfield and other winter exhibitions of cattle the exhibits are excessively fat, and that, while breeders and feeders have been encouraged to favour early maturity, no animal has a chance of winning a prize unless its condition is "prime." This type of condition means that the whole carcass must be soft to the touch, mellow and ripe—in other words, so fat that all patches are filled up with meat—this meat being of necessity almost all fat.

I take some examples from the recent Islington Show. The reserve pen of three cross-bred wethers averaged 355lb. in weight. If these sheep reached no more than the low figure of 60 per cent. carcass weight—and they probably scaled much more—they would provide 211lb. per carcass, or over 50lb. a quarter. Such meat I have frequently found to produce 3in. of fat on the loin by actual measurement. The champion pen in the show—which were Leicesters—weighed 366lb. each, or, on the same basis, 183lb. per carcass. And we find similar weights among all the famous large breeds known to the country. As I shall show, however, the best mutton sheep, according to the carcass competition, are the Suffolks and Cheviots, so it will only be fair to refer to the weights of these varieties in the usual or non-slaughtering classes. But what do we find? The cup pen of Suffolk wethers weighed alive 824lb. the trio, or 275lb. each, while the prize lambs of the same variety weighed 212lb. each. Can anyone doubt that feeding for exhibition not only means waste of food—which at this moment is wanted in a hundred other ways—but loss to the farmer, the butcher, and the consumer? When we turn to the carcass competition, we find that all the best—and I examined every one—whether sheep, pigs, or cattle, as they were shown alive on the first day of the show, were simply in good store condition, or what the feeder would term half fat. Almost all the prizes for mutton were awarded to the Cheviots, Suffolks and their crosses—the whole of the big breeds, the Hampshires excepted, being absent—experience proving that they have no chance of gaining a prize. The fillets of lean in the chops and loins were almost twice the size of those in the average carcass, while the fat above them was only half an inch in thickness, reaching three-quarters of an inch on the scrag. I estimate that in such sheep the value of the meat which finds its way to the consumer is—from his point of view—worth twice as much as that provided by really fat joints. The first prize Cheviot wether weighed only 115lb., and 63lb. in the carcass, thus providing mutton at 16lb. to the quarter, and this of the very best type and without waste. The first prize Suffolk, which, with the Cheviot, represented the best in the Longwools and Shortwools respectively, weighed 154lb. alive and 94lb. in the carcass; while the first prize cross-bred, which was a Suffolk-Cheviot, weighed 172lb. alive and 104lb. in the carcass.

Such is the difference between sheep especially bred and fed for prime meat, as demanded by practical judges, and the giants of the showyard, which provide joints of greater size than the buyer demands, and extravagant fatness. The practical side of the question is well illustrated by the price realised at the auction, which I attended in order to learn the opinion of the butchers. The really fat wether carcasses, which were very few in number, realised 4s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.; while the best, omitting the fancy prices paid for the King's exhibit and the champion, sold at 6s. 4d. to 6s. 10d. per stone. No animal, however, in the whole carcass competition was approximately as fat as the average sheep in the ordinary classes of the show. Smaller size in the joint is now meritorious—providing it is good meat. The average man prefers his joint of mutton hot; but with large joints it usually happens that they are cold on one or two days, and are then hashed. What applies to the carcass classes of sheep applies equally to the cattle and sheep, but space forbids a discussion of these in this letter.—J. L.

#### TO OWNERS OF PICTURES BY ZOFFANY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am writing a life of the artist Zoffany and would be very much obliged if the owners of pictures by—or attributed to—him would communicate with me. I should be especially glad to hear of any letters or documents relating to Zoffany. As so many of Zoffany's pictures are in country houses and not publicly known, I thought I might appeal to their owners most directly through COUNTRY LIFE. Letters should be addressed to Lady Victoria Manners, 12, Embankment Gardens, Chelsea.—VICTORIA MANNERS.



## WHAT KENT HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I add a few further particulars about men of Kent and Kentish men now serving? Major Lord Sackville is second in command of the West Kent Yeomanry in Gallipoli. His brother, the Hon. Charles Sackville-West, is a brigadier-general and commands the 21st Brigade. He was awarded a C.M.G. for his services earlier in the war. The youngest brother, the Hon. Bertrand Sackville-West, joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve

for the war, and is now in the Dardanelles. All the men on the Knole estate under fifty joined the Army in August, 1914. Major Edward Matthews of Rookhill and Foxbury, near Sevenoaks, is in the 11th Essex, and his son, Lieutenant J. B. Matthews, in the 6th West Kents. Mr. H. W. Forster, Member for Sevenoaks and Financial Secretary to the War Office, has lost his elder son, who fell in the battle of the Aisne, and his younger son is at Sandhurst. Sir James Whitehead of Wilmington Manor has a son and three grandsons with the Colours. His youngest son, Major Wilfred J. Whitehead, went to the front with the Post Office Rifles as captain, and subsequently was appointed major of the 6th City of London Regiment. Sir James Whitehead's grandsons are Second-Lieutenant James H. E. Whitehead of the



MAJOR LORD SACKVILLE.

West Kents, Second-Lieutenant G. W. E. Whitehead, who is in the Royal Field Artillery, and Mr. Philip H. R. Whitehead. In mentioning two sons of Colonel Dooner of Ditton Place I omitted to give the name of another son, Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Dooner of the Royal Artillery, who is on the General Staff at the War Office. Another son of the late Mr. C. S. Hardy of Chilham Castle, Mr. Miles Hardy, who had a farm in South Africa, has served as a colour-sergeant in Botha's force, and his brother, Captain Henry Hardy, has won the Military Cross. The youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas of Eyborne House, Hollingbourne, Mr. E. S. de V. Thomas, who joined the U.P.S. corps in 1914 as a private, has since taken a commission in the 3rd Battalion of the Shropshire Light Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel H. K. Umfreville, who was with the 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment in the Expeditionary Force, and was wounded near Ypres and awarded the Distinguished Service Order, is now in command of the 10th West Yorkshire Regiment. His three brothers are also serving, Lieutenant-Colonel P. Umfreville, C.M.G., as governor of His Majesty's Prison at Rouen, Captain R. B. Umfreville as adjutant at the depot of the Worcester Regiment, and Captain S. C. Umfreville as brigade-major in the Welsh Division.

In addition to Major Granville Wheler, M.P., his brother, Captain George Wheler of the 21st Lancers, is just home from the Dardanelles, where he has been serving as adjutant of the East Kent Yeomanry. Another brother is serving in the 3rd East Kent Yeomanry, now at Canterbury. The Wheelers have a long military history, for their ancestor, Colonel Charles Wheler, went from their home at Otterden to command the Kentish Regiment for King Charles I and was banished by Cromwell.—M. J.

## RATS IN HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In regard to your correspondent's enquiry how to catch rats, these directions from an old manuscript book may be of interest, if you should care to publish it.—E. B. MOORE.

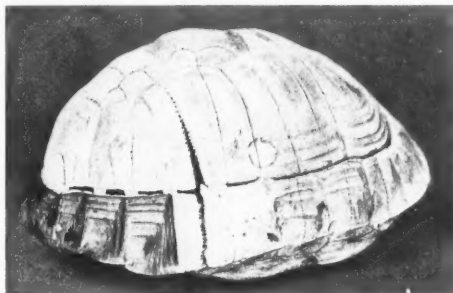
"To catch rats and mice.—Tie a piece of parchment, or an old drum head, over the top of a cask of 15 or 20 gallons set on end, and

nearly half filled with water. Cut the parchment over and athwart, to within 4 or 5 inches of the wood. Smear the middle parts of the parchment with dripping mixed with meal. Set a plank sloping to the top of the cask for the vermin to ascend by, with a little oatmeal strewn along it. If the house or barn be much infested with vermin the cask will be half filled in the morning."

## THE TORTOISE IN OUR GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose photographs of my garden tortoises and a few remarks about them which may interest other tortoise owners. The tortoise, as is generally known, hibernates, usually retiring about the middle of November to some quiet corner of the garden, where it partially buries itself, and does not emerge until the return of spring and the warmer weather about April. (The tortoises which I have observed have never entirely buried themselves as G. White relates, and I should be interested to hear any reader's experience.) On its reappearance it is lethargic and has little inclination for food, but towards the middle of summer it seems to recover its full energy and appetite, both of which are far greater than one would imagine. There is no part of the garden apparently to which it does not travel, though it seems to have favourite haunts. My own tortoises showed a preference for a low rockery, and it was quite surprising to see with what ease they could climb up it. An interesting fact recorded was that tortoises can be persuaded or trained to return to the same shelter each night (which I found useful, as it enabled me to see at a glance whether they were still safely in the garden). Last spring two tortoises in my garden shared night quarters for a considerable time with a toad in a cavity scooped out beneath a large stone in the rockery. Although the two tortoises did not apparently take any notice of each other's presence, they seemed to mistrust the proximity of the toad, for they invariably presented to it a broadside—upon which, of course, there is no opening and therefore no danger of attack—and, moreover, threw up a rampart of earth between themselves and their possible enemy. I wonder whether any of your readers can say whether tortoises have been known to breed in this country. In Southern Europe I believe their eggs are looked upon as a great delicacy. Notwithstanding the numbers of tortoises brought to this country in normal seasons, there seems to be the same demand for them each year, and one can only surmise that many fail to withstand the cold of our winter. A year or two ago I myself lost one—the first I possessed. I had been told that it would in due course bury itself when the cold and wet season set in, but whether the creature left it too late or not I cannot say, for it died in November during a cold spell of very wet weather. The skeleton, or more correctly the exo-skeleton or shell, I kept, a photograph of which may be of some interest to your readers, as it shows the wonderful way in which the shell is formed and pieced together. The exo-skeleton consists of two pieces: a dorsal piece, generally convex (the carapace), and a ventral piece, usually flat or concave (the plastron). This skeleton or box is covered again with horny epidermic plates (the portion popularly known as tortoiseshell). Several of these plates can be seen in the photograph; they are comparatively thin in this case, a little over one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The creature's jaws are also encased in horn—they have no teeth. Since losing the one referred to, I have, on the approach of wintry weather, made a practice of placing the tortoises in a box half filled with sand and keeping them in the dark in an outhouse, putting them out in the garden again on the return of warmer weather. This plan I have found quite successful.—OWEN W. F. THOMAS.



THE EXO-SKELETON OF A TORTOISE.



HALF BURIED IN EARTH BENEATH A BIG STONE.



## A GARDEN CHART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Your recent article on sundials leads me to suggest that



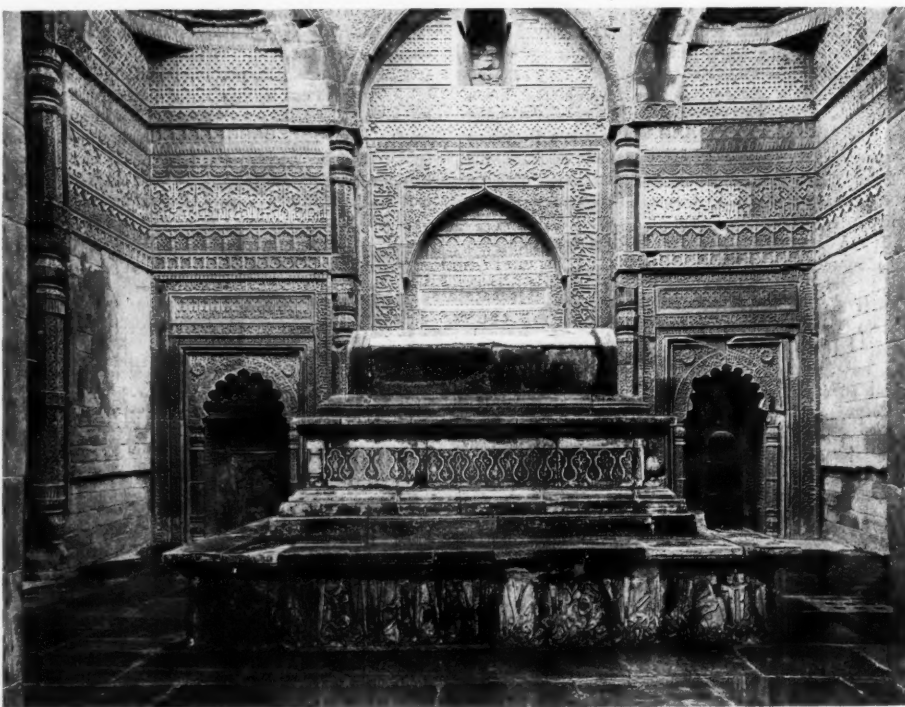
A MAP OF THE SURROUNDING HILLS.

might with advantage be adopted in other beauty resorts.—J. PATTINSON.

## TWO INSPIRATIONS OF INDIAN ART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

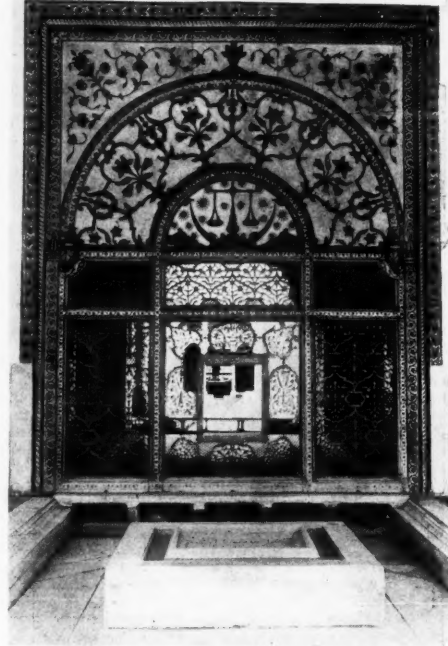
SIR,—The earliest known tomb in India is that of the Emperor Shams-ud-din-Altamsh. Its comparatively recent date seems at first sight surprising in that land of ancient memories and shrines. But surprise vanishes with the recollection of the fact that the Hindus burn their dead, scattering the ashes, when possible, in one of their three holy rivers (Jumna, Ganges and Nerbudda), that the sacred stream may bear them safely to mix again with the pure, salt, universal sea. A tomb, then, is a certain mark of the Mohammedan conqueror, however clearly the work of the Hindu craftsman may be seen in its construction. The Indian stone cutters had been famed since Buddhist times, and the red sandstone tomb Altamsh, though a small building, is one of the richest examples of their skill. Like the Kutab Mosque, within the enclosure of which it stands, it belongs to that period of Indian art when the native craftsmen were rapidly adapting their own traditional methods and designs to the fresh requirements of their Moslem masters. And very fine things they evolved, as the Pathan mosques and forts, the Mughal water gardens and the Rajput fortress palaces subsequently showed. It was Raziyah, Sultan, the first Empress of India, who, so tradition says, built the tomb of her father, Altamsh. He died in 1236, declaring that the Princess Raziyah was more fitted to succeed him than any of his sons. The royal troops endorsed his opinion and deserted her brother Rukn-ud-din. But Raziyah's reign was short. To this day her father's tomb is incomplete, being finished only up to the



ONE OF THE OLDEST HINDU TOMBS IN INDIA.

first course of the overlapping Hindu dome. The chronicler of the time writes the Empress' epitaph thus: "She was wise, just and generous, a benefactor of her kingdom, and dispenser of justice, the protector of her subjects and a leader of her armies. She was endowed with all the qualities befitting a king, but she was not born of the right sex, and so, in the estimation of men, all these virtues were worthless. May God have mercy on her soul." Fate and men were kinder to the second Empress of India, Queen Victoria. To the tombs and mosques of the early Indian Moslem builders, the Mughals, from flower-loving Turkestan, added a structural motive of their own, in their vast formal water gardens. The great heat of the Indian plains was especially trying to the northern conquerors and gave a direct impetus to the further development of their gardens. At Agra, Delhi and Lahore, each imperial palace is, in fact, a garden camp, with white tents transformed into white marble loggias and halls, linked by raised waterways and paths; the whole scheme of fountains and waterfalls, fruit trees and flowers, set high over the river on the very

edge of the rose red fortress walls. How the Indian craftsman dealt with this new theme of "fountain spray and singing birds" can be seen in this photograph of the Scales of Justice, the famous screen dividing the Emperor's private rooms in the Delhi palace from those of the Royal Seraglio. But no black and white can give its effect; no photograph can show the soft cream of the lilies in the lattice carving, the radiance of the glowing apricot and gold in the translucent alabaster above, and the flash and gleam of the green rushing water which once filled the channel beneath, and ran out into the sunlight joining room to room, throwing up delicate pearl-showing fountains as it went. So strong is the impress of the Paradise garden, it can be seen in almost every aspect of the Mughal buildings; the trellis on the Delhi screen is directly designed from its stone-edged parterres.



THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

Were I to go into more detail I should trespass too far on your patience and space. But it may not be without interest to recall how these two most characteristic features of Indian-Moslem art, the tomb and the water garden, find their supreme expression at the Taj. There, through the great dark archway, where in flowing Arabic the pure in heart are welcomed to the Heaven-like orchard of the Lady Banu, Begam, her tomb, a veritable "Pearl Pavilion" of the Moslem Paradise, shines before our eyes.—C. M. VILLIERS-STUART.

HOW TO MEET THE DEMAND FOR BRITISH TIMBER.  
THE SECOND CHRISTMAS OF THE WAR.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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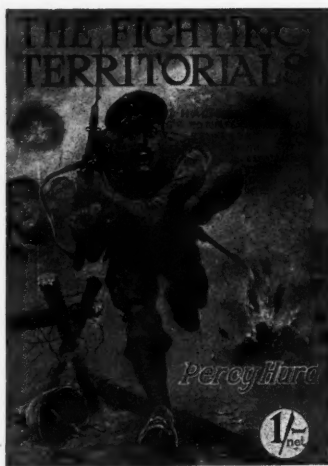
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**TO BE LET OR SOLD**, this well-appointed and exceedingly comfortable RESIDENCE, containing:— TWELVE BEDROOMS. FIVE RECEPTION ROOMS. THREE BATHROOMS. STABLING AND GARAGE. Entrance lodge and coachman's cottage.

EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

Tennis and croquet lawns, meadow and woodlands, in all about SIXTEEN ACRES. Ten minutes from excellent golf course.

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED

by HAMPTON &amp; SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

35 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.  
**SURREY HILLS.**

450ft. above sea level, with fine views.

**TO BE LET**, Furnished, or SOLD, comfortable and well-arranged COUNTRY RESIDENCE, secluded in fine grounds of FIVE ACRES; eleven bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, four reception rooms, complete offices.

GAS. ELECTRIC LIGHT. CO.'S WATER.

Garage and rooms over; small farmery; charming gardens, productive kitchen and fruit gardens, paddock.

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.

HAMPTON &amp; SONS, as above.

**TO BE SOLD, A BARGAIN.****FACING WINDSOR PARK.****ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT PLACES** in this lovely district. Carriage drive approach. Picturesque lodge, halls, three reception rooms, lounge (37ft. by 24ft.), well-appointed offices, servants' hall, eighteen bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms.

The whole in superb order, and fitted with every possible regard to comfort and convenience.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER.

Capital modern stabling, excellent motor-house, cottage; most attractive grounds, shaded tennis and croquet lawns, in all about four acres.

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED by

HAMPTON &amp; SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IDEAL LITTLE COUNTRY PLACE.

ONLY THIRTY MINUTES OUT.

**ELSTREE.****TO LET**, Unfurnished, a charming and most interesting OLD COUNTRY HOUSE in very fine OLD-WORLD GROUNDS OF THREE-AND-A-HALF ACRES.

The accommodation comprises four reception, seven or more bedrooms, bathroom, etc., large garage for three cars, tennis court, walled garden, and small meadow.

RENT ONLY £124 10s. SMALL PREMIUM.

Recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON &amp; SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.



WITHIN A SHORT DRIVE OF HASTINGS.

**SUSSEX COAST**

(standing high in a beautiful and sheltered spot).

**TO BE LET**, Unfurnished, Furnished or SOLD, charming old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE in

SUNNY SITUATION.

Standing in Matured Grounds, nine or ten bedrooms, bathroom, four reception rooms, lounge hall; excellent stabling and small farmery. Grounds and orchard, etc., of about 5 acres, and about 35 acres arable and grassland.

VERY MODERATE TERMS.

Apply HAMPTON &amp; SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.

BRANCH OFFICE AT  
WIMBLEDON.



TELEPHONE NO.  
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"ALBEMARLE HOUSE," 28b, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:  
"OVERBID-PICCY, LONDON."

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

**ISLE OF LEWIS.**

IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES OFF THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

UNIQUE SPORTING DOMAIN OF APPROACHING

**500.000 ACRES.**

GOOD HARD ROADS.

EXCELLENT GOLF COURSE.

(MIGHT BE DIVIDED).

Comprising the whole of the island and various small groups of islands.

**THE CASTLE IS A MAGNIFICENT MODERN STRUCTURE**, quite up to date, and surrounded by over 600 ACRES of woods and grounds. The following is a specimen game bag in an average year:—

DEER.	GROUSE.	SNIPE.	WOODCOCK.	SALMON.	SEA TROUT.	BROWN TROUT.
200	4,500	1,400	300	2,200	7,000	2,200

and large numbers of HARES, RABBITS, WILDFOWL, PLOVER, CURLEW, etc.

Personally inspected by the SOLE Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, as above.

A BARGAIN IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

**£2,200 WILL PURCHASE** a compact little

FREEHOLD PROPERTY OF 18 ACRES,  
with a substantially built

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE  
of moderate size, charmingly situate on

HIGH GROUND. GRAVEL AND SANDSTONE  
SUBSOIL.

Company's water and gas. Stabling for five. Exceedingly attractive OLD-WORLD GARDENS and finely timbered grounds and paddocks. TWO LONG CARRIAGE DRIVES, LODGE.

Personally inspected by the Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (12,908.)

EASY MOTOR DRIVE OF MAIN LINE STATION, ONE HOUR NORTH OF TOWN.

**BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE**

to be LET. Furnished, for SIX MONTHS or longer. It stands high in delightful grounds, and contains about thirteen bed and dressing rooms, handsome hall and reception rooms, and three bathrooms. Stabling and garage; telephone; golf.

Personally inspected.—Sole Agents, OSBORN & MERCER.

ABSOLUTE SACRIFICE.

45 MINUTES' EXPRESS SERVICE FROM TOWN.

**A HANDSOME MANSION**

in perfect order  
standing in a

**GRANDLY TIMBERED PARK OF  
300 ACRES.**

Delightful grounds and gardens, lake of three acres; garage and splendid stabling, etc.; two long carriage drives with lodges; farm-house and buildings, cottages, etc.

THE WHOLE COVERING OVER

**570 ACRES.**

THE RESIDENCE WOULD BE SOLD WITH A SMALLER AREA.

THE PRICE asked is LESS THAN the outlay recently expended on improvements.

Full particulars with plan and views, of the Sole Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER.

DEVON.

TO BE SOLD.

In one of the most attractive districts.

HIGH GROUND. SOUTH ASPECT. DRY SUBSOIL.

**CHARMING RESIDENCE**

of four reception, fifteen bedrooms, situated in delightful park-like surroundings with beautiful walks to the banks of a river bounding the Property, which affords

EXCELLENT FISHING AND BOATING, and

SUITABLE ANCHORAGE FOR A YACHT,

whilst the Estate provides capital shooting.

SEVERAL FARMS, etc., the whole covering over

**1.000 ACRES.**

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER.

YORKSHIRE. NORTH RIDING.

TO BE SOLD.

A CHARMING OLD STONE-BUILT MANSION

of medium size, surrounded by grounds and park-like lands, etc., of over

**1.000 ACRES.**

The Estate affords excellent SHOOTING and FISHING.—Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER.

**SUSSEX** (within easy reach of the coast).—To be SOLD, choice RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE of about

**560 ACRES.**

of which 120 are woodland, affording FIRST-RATE SHOOTING. The well-built House stands on high ground, commanding extensive and beautiful views, is approached by two drives with lodge entrance, and contains hall, three reception, eleven bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ample offices, etc.; charming pleasure grounds and park-like meadows; stabling for five, motor-house.

A TROUT STREAM INTERSECTS FOR ABOUT A MILE.

All details, with plan and views of Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER.

OSBORN & MERCER, "ALBEMARLE HOUSE," 28b, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

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TELEGRAMS:  
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SUSSEX.

A REMARKABLY FINE COUNTRY ESTATE  
FOR SALE,  
with the  
MAGNIFICENT FURNITURE AND EFFECTS.  
WOULD BE LET, FURNISHED FROM EASTER,  
or possibly Unfurnished.

REALLY NOBLE AND IMPOSING PROPERTY  
standing in beautiful grounds and park of

**140 ACRES.**

Twelve large bedrooms. Three excellent reception.  
Two bathrooms (h. and c.) Handsome entrance hall.

GRAND BILLIARD SALON.

Full offices. First-rate stabling.

Two carriage drives. Three entrance lodges.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.



The gardens and grounds are really fascinating and are among the best to be found. They comprise tennis and croquet lawns, concrete tennis court, pretty flower and rose beds, fine shrubberies, natural rockery in great beauty, walled kitchen garden and vegetable ditto, two vineries and nectarine ditto. The park contains a quantity of beautiful woodland and a NINE-HOLE GOLF COURSE ADJOINS.—ILLUSTRATED PARTICULARS can be inspected at the Owner's Agents, ROBINSON, WILLIAMS & BURNANDS. (2648.)

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EDINBURGH.

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THIS IS THE ONLY ESTATE JOURNAL OF ITS KIND PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM: IT CONTAINS PARTICULARS OF OVER 1,000 ESTATES, HOUSES, SHOOTINGS, BUSINESS PREMISES, Etc., IN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND FOR SALE AND TO LET. CAN BE HAD ON RECEIPT OF 4 STAMPS FOR POSTAGE.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

RENTAL, £330.

TO BE SOLD BY E. J. CASTIGLIONE, SONS & SCOTT.

2,300 ACRES. RENTAL, £675.

DINLABYRE, TWO MILES FROM STEELE ROAD STATION (N.B. RY.), FOUR MILES FROM NEWCASTLETON (N.B. RY.), WHERE EXPRESS TRAINS STOP. DINLABYRE is a fine sporting and Agricultural Estate, extending to 2,300 acres, about 35 of which is meadow and arable land in a good state of cultivation, the rest is hill land suitable for cattle and sheep. The Farmhouse is a superior building, containing two large public rooms, four double bedrooms, one single room, w.c., bath-room (but no bath), kitchens, and domestic offices. The farm-buildings comprise four-stalled stable with loft, two-stalled stable, loose box, large barn for machinery, byre for nineteen cows, with feeding gangway, and water laid on, calf house for twelve, large cart and implement shed, with granary over, coach-house, lambing shed, three piggeries, 100ft. Dutch barn, iron cattle shed, wood byre for ten; also a detached house and steading, comprising two cattle sheds, two piggeries, and implement shed. The buildings are of stone and slated; they are very extensive and substantial; water is laid on by gravitation. There are five workmen's cottages on the Estate. The shooting lodge is on the moor, it is built of iron (wood lined), it is of the bungalow type, and contains dining room, drawing room, smoke room, five bedrooms, kitchens, and servants' quarters; good drainage and gravitation water. The moor is excellent. Bag comprises grouse, blackgame, pheasants, partridges, ducks, etc. There is trout fishing in the Liddle, which bounds the Estate.

FARM RENT, £525.

SPORTING RENT, £150.

Sporting tenant paying upkeep.

EDINBURGH.

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CARLISLE.

1,400 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD BY E. J. CASTIGLIONE, SONS & SCOTT.

THE ATTRACTIVE SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATES OF RASHIEGRAIN AND COMMONBRAE, situated at the head of the valley of the River Teviot, in the Parish of Teviothead and County of Roxburgh. They have a southern exposure, extend together to over 1,400 acres (consisting mostly of sound grassy land, with some heather), and form a healthy and desirable sheep run. They carry a stock of about 45 score of a good class of Cheviot sheep.

The farm-buildings, byres, sheds, dykes, etc., have all been recently renewed. The House on Rashiegrain has been rebuilt. The House contains kitchen, sitting room, and two good bedrooms.

The shootings consist principally of grouse, blackgame, and pheasants. There are also partridges, snipe, hares, rabbits, and duck.

There is good trout fishing in the Teviot and burns in the district.

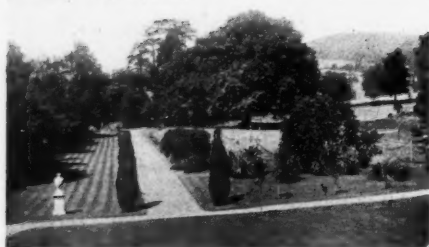
The distance from Hawick is about twelve miles, and from Langholm about seventeen miles, and the road from both towns to Teviothead is first-class. The hill road to Langholm is about twelve miles.

There is a post office, church, etc., at Teviothead, about three miles from Commonbrae.

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ESTABLISHED 1832. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED  
REGISTER OF ESTATES AND HOUSES IN THE WEST  
OF ENGLAND AND WALES FORWARDED ON  
RECEIPT OF THREE STAMPS.

GLoucestershire.  
ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.



**RENT £125 P.A.**—Fine old MANOR HOUSE, amidst  
the beautiful Cotswold country, Gloucestershire, with  
unusually pretty grounds of six acres; three reception rooms,  
eleven bed and dressing rooms, bath, lavatories, etc.; Co.'s  
water; stabling for seven horses; two tennis lawns, croquet  
lawn, old bowling green, and pastureland, cottage, Golf near  
Telephone.—Recommended by HUGHES & SON, Bristol.

**£1,200.**—Charming old gabled HOUSE (up to date),  
in thickly timbered grounds of about  
two acres, in a pretty Gloucestershire village.—Details from  
HUGHES & SON, Bristol.

Established 1812.  
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THE AUCTION MART, WINCHESTER.  
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**OVERLOOKING THE ITCHEN** (high situation  
and gravel soil; close to main line station, L. & S.W.  
Ry., and in a good social district).—For SALE or to LET,  
picturesque FAMILY RESIDENCE, approached by long  
carriage drive with lodge. Lounge hall, three spacious and  
lofty reception rooms, twelve bed and dressing rooms, fitted  
bathroom, complete offices; lovely grounds and parkland,  
in all 25 acres. Two miles from golf. Hunting with three  
packs.—Apply GUDGEON & SONS, The Auction Mart, Win-  
chester. (249.)

On the Banks of the Itchen, in the favourite Village of  
Kingsworthy.  
**TO BE LET.** Unfurnished on Lease, charming old-  
fashioned RESIDENCE, with excellent stabling,  
picturesque gardens and meadows. Approached by carriage  
drive and containing three reception rooms, smoking room,  
eleven bed and dressing rooms, fitted bathroom, good offices  
including servants' hall, capital cellarage; two excellent  
tennis lawns, partly walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.  
Rent £160 per annum.—Apply GUDGEON & SONS, The  
Auction Mart, Winchester. (46.)

EAST SUSSEX.  
**EXECUTORS' SALE.**—Well-built modern ten-roomed  
HOUSE, gardens, orchard, stabling, paddocks, about  
five acres; pleasant situation; Eastbourne nine miles.—  
A. BURTONSHAW & SON, Auctioneers, Hailsham.

"GREENWOOD," BARNET (within five minutes of  
Hadley Wood Station, main line G.N. Ry.).—Family  
RESIDENCE, on high ground, with extensive views over  
Hadley Woods, containing four reception rooms, eleven bed  
and dressing, laundry and the usual domestic offices;  
well-stocked old garden, with tennis lawn and greenhouse;  
stabling for three; golf links one-and-a-quarter miles.  
Hunting with Mr. Smith Bosanquet's Hounds and the  
Enfield Chase Stagbounds. Rent on Lease, £160 per  
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Offices, 44, Chancery Lane, W.C.

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immediate possession, a delightfully positioned FAMILY  
RESIDENCE, occupying a healthy situation facing a  
common, contains an attractive suite of reception rooms,  
capital offices, some fourteen bed and dressing rooms, bath-  
rooms, etc. Charming gardens and grounds, walled kitchen  
garden with hothouses, cottages, garage and stabling; all  
modern conveniences. Short or long lease.  
Full particulars and orders to view of the Owner's Agents,  
EDWIN FEAR & WALKER, Winchester.

**FORTT, HATT & BILLINGS,**  
ESTATE AGENTS,

Telephone 280.

BATH.

**WILTS.**—To be LET, FURNISHED, a most interest-  
ing old-fashioned stone-tiled RESIDENCE, stand-  
ing high with fine views, only one mile from a railway  
station and seven miles from Bath. The accommodation  
comprises outer and inner halls, drawing and dining  
rooms, billiard room, two boudoirs, nine principal and  
four secondary bedrooms; stabling for six to eight horses,  
coach-house and garage; grounds of about four-and-a-  
half acres, exceptionally well laid-out with tennis courts,  
croquet lawns, terraced walks, lovely old-world flower  
gardens, etc. Rough shooting over 300 acres.—Rent and  
full particulars on application.

**SOMERSET.**—Delightful Queen Anne RESIDENCE  
to be LET, FURNISHED, situate within easy motoring  
distance of Bath. The accommodation comprises large  
lounge hall, four reception rooms, thirteen bedrooms,  
bathroom, good domestic offices; ornamental grounds,  
excellent kitchen garden; garage for two or three cars.  
The House is newly furnished, and electric light is installed,  
also heating. RENT £8 8s. per week.—Full details and  
orders to view on application.—FORTT, HATT & BILLINGS,  
Estate Agents, Bath.

**BEACONSFIELD (Bucks).**—On the Hall Barn Estate.  
—Charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE to LET, known as  
"Holloway House," situated on gravelly soil, adjoining  
beautiful beech woods, overlooking the park at Hall Barn,  
two miles from station, G.W. and G.C. main line. The House  
is equipped with all modern conveniences, and the accommo-  
dation includes three reception rooms, dining room, kitchen,  
scullery, usual offices, six bedrooms, bathroom, dressing room;  
electric lighting plant, electric bells, Company's water. A  
large room adjoining the House can be converted into billiard  
room; delightful gardens and grounds, tennis lawn, paddock,  
three garages, stabling, and numerous outbuildings; good  
cottage in stable yard. Golf links close. Rent £200 per  
annum. The House is surrounded by about 100 acres of  
grassland, the whole or a portion of which could be let with  
the House.—To view, apply the MANAGING CLERK, Hall  
Barn Estate Office, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

**TO BE LET.** Unfurnished, a beautifully situated RESI-  
DENCE, containing entrance hall, three reception  
rooms, billiard room, office, fourteen bed and dressing rooms,  
bathrooms, etc.; also splendid domestic accommodation;  
stabling for six, one large and one small building suitable  
either for coach-houses or for motors; extensive glasshouses,  
two vineries, splendid kitchen garden and small lawn. Also  
shooting over about 2,000 acres, including 84 woodland and  
500 moorland. House and stables are lighted throughout  
with acetylene gas. Excellent water supply from private  
reservoir on the Estate. The above is situated on the north  
bank of the River Ribble, and is about two miles distant  
from Clitheroe Station, L. & Y. and Mid. Ry. Cos.—For  
further particulars, apply to R. S. GREENALL, Estate Agent,  
Dutton, Longridge, Preston.

400 FT. UP.  
15 MILES OF TOWN.  
ANCIENT RURAL VILLAGE.

SINGULARLY CHOICE SMALL  
RESIDENTIAL ESTATE,  
picturesquely placed amidst park and  
woodlands. Pretty drive, lodge; lounge  
hall, three reception, ten bedrooms, and  
dressing rooms, two bathrooms, com-  
plete offices; everything in perfect order;  
beautiful terrace, large lawns; kitchen  
garden.

THREE ACRES.  
DELIGHTFUL HOME FOR CITY  
MAN.

FOR PRICE, FREEHOLD,  
MR. LOUIS TREDINNICK, F.A.I.,  
Land Agent,  
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HERTS.

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WAR BARGAIN.

INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE.  
Price £2,100 for immediate Sale. Worth Double.  
**BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND  
EASTBOURNE** (near station, glorious country,  
high up, lovely views extending to the sea, gravel soil).—  
Imposing picturesque RESIDENCE (lounge hall 29 ft. by  
17 ft., three handsome reception rooms each about 27 ft.  
by 22 ft., bath, eight large bedrooms); long drive; main  
water, gas; stabling, garage; charming grounds, heavily  
timbered and shrubbed, with lawns, flower beds, rose  
gardens, terrace and wilderness walks, winter garden,  
pergolas, kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock of FIVE  
ACRES.



THE GREATEST WAR BARGAIN OF THE YEAR  
A SHOW PLACE ON THE CHILTERN.  
APPEALING TO BUYERS OF REFINED TASTES.  
**BUCKS** (glorious spot near High Wycombe, under an  
hour from Town; high up, lovely view).—A perfectly  
appointed old MANOR HOUSE; four large reception,  
two bath, eleven bedrooms; oak beams, panelling, open  
fireplaces; main water, central heating; stabling, garage,  
farmery. In perfect decorative repair.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS RENOWNED  
FOR THEIR BEAUTY  
and TEN ACRES of grassland. BARGAIN, £3,000.  
£2,000 could remain on mortgage.

RESIDENTIAL ESTATES FOR SALE AT FARM  
PRICE.

**NEAR GUILDFORD AND GODALMING.**—  
Charming OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE; beau-  
tiful pleasure grounds; stabling, garage, three  
cottages, farm-house, extensive buildings, and 150  
ACRES of parklands, bounded by a river (farm-  
house and land at present let at £200 per annum).  
Price for whole Estate, £5,000.

**SUFFOLK** (near Saxmundham).—Superior GEORGIAN  
RESIDENCE; stabling, garage, extensive farm-  
buildings; beautiful old-world pleasure grounds and  
parklands of 150 ACRES. £3,500.

**OXON** (near Banbury).—Imposing STONE-BUILT  
FAMILY RESIDENCE; extensive stabling, garage,  
commodious buildings, cottages; charming pleasure  
grounds and parklands of 120 ACRES. £5,000.

ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT ESTATES AVAILABLE  
A GENUINE WAR BARGAIN.  
ONLY 45 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

**BETWEEN SEVENOAKS AND TONBRIDGE.**  
In a much sought-after residential district, high up,  
lovely views.—The charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE  
stands in the centre of its  
HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK OF 50 ACRES,  
and contains four handsome reception, two bathrooms, ten  
bedrooms, servants' hall, etc.; ELECTRIC LIGHT,  
telephone; replete with all modern conveniences. MAIN  
WATER.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,  
with rose gardens, Dutch garden, sunk garden with lily  
pond, bulb garden, terraces, double tennis lawn, bowling  
green, woodland walks, lake, herbaceous borders, pergolas,  
kitchen garden, orchards, glasshouses; stabling, garage,  
farmery, two cottages.  
Freehold £6,000. AN INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE.  
Agents, F. L. MERCER & CO., as above.

**POWELL & POWELL, Ltd.,**  
18, OLD BOND STREET, BATH.

**WILTS. DEVIZES.**—Freehold PROPERTY: four  
reception rooms, twelve bed and dressing rooms,  
bathroom, workroom, etc.; grounds of about four acres;  
stabling, motor-house, cottage. Price £5,000. (G 790.)

**PRICE £10,000.**—Desirable and compact Freehold  
ESTATE of about 25 acres, situate about three-and-  
a-half miles from Bath, and comprising Family Residence;  
three reception rooms, nine bed and dressing rooms, bath-  
room; stabling, three cottages; ornamental grounds;  
farm-house, etc. Or would be LET, FURNISHED, £500 per  
annum, including Rates and Taxes and gardeners' wages,  
or Unfurnished, £350 per annum. (G 162.)

**TO BE SOLD** (about one mile from Bradford-on-  
Avon, G.W. Ry.).—Choice RESIDENTIAL ESTATE  
of about 46 acres, together with attractive Residence;  
four reception rooms, sixteen bed and dressing rooms, two  
bathrooms; gardens, grounds, pasture, etc.; stabling,  
etc., two lodges, farm-buildings. Price £10,000. (G 2119.)



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ESTABLISHED 1803.  
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### HUNTING, FISHING, AND SHOOTING.



#### AN UNIQUE SMALL SPORTING ESTATE.

**YORKS** (West Riding).—This stone-built MANSION, seated in a finely timbered park, contains halls, four reception rooms, billiard room, fifteen bedrooms, etc.; electric light and all other modern conveniences.

REMARKABLY FINE SHOOTING; TWO MILES TROUT FISHING; EXCELLENT CENTRE FOR HUNTING; NEAR GOLF.

Estate of 1,100 ACRES would be SOLD AS A WHOLE OR WOULD BE DIVIDED.

Full details of MILLARS, 46, Pall Mall, S.W. (13,102.)



#### PRICE ONLY £5,500, WITH SEVEN ACRES.

**BUCKS** (occupying a delightful situation, high up, and within 45 minutes of London).—This charming Modern RESIDENCE, built to the designs of a well-known architect, is now offered on

#### REDUCED TERMS.

Approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance, it contains lounge hall, four reception rooms, fifteen bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, etc. Co.'s water, central heating, stabling and garage. Naturally beautiful grounds of seven acres.

#### GOLF LINKS WITHIN HALF-A-MILE.

Inspected and recommended by MILLARS, 46, Pall Mall, S.W. (13,211.)

750FT. UP, COMMANDING FINE VIEWS.  
ONLY SEVENTEEN MILES FROM LONDON,  
STATION ONE MILE.



#### OFFERED GREATLY BELOW COST.

**SURREY HILLS** (OCCUPYING A PICKED SITE).—The above beautiful modern RESIDENCE, erected regardless of cost. Contains twelve bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, lounge hall and three large reception rooms; Co.'s water and gas; excellent garage with rooms over. Charming garden and grounds of about two acres, with stone-paved and ornamental walks, tennis and croquet lawns, etc. More land can be had if required. A bargain at £4,500.

Deferred payment arranged.

MILLARS, 46, Pall Mall, S.W. (13,342.)

TELEPHONE  
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TELEGRAMS:  
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#### SHOOTING OVER 700 ACRES.

### YORKS, NORTH RIDING.

in the Bedale Hunt, 1½ mile station. — Above RESIDENCE; 4 reception and 15 bedrooms; stabling for 7, men's rooms, coachman's cottage. The grounds include lawns, shrubberies, flower garden and good kitchen garden.

Fishing in stream intersecting Property. Golf.

£215 p. a., Unfurnished. Hunting, Shooting, Fishing. Details of TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. (10,475.)

#### RENT £200. PRICE £4,000.

**LEICESTERSHIRE** (borders of; ½-mile station, on dry soil). — Well-built RESIDENCE; roomy hall, 4 lofty reception rooms, bathroom.

#### 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.

Stables for 6, carriage-house or garage, laundry and cottage. Good grounds with tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden and paddock, in all 4½ acres. Adjoining 24 acres available if required. Golf course (18-hole) 1 mile. First-class hunting.

Details of TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. (10,255.)

EXECUTOR'S SALE. £4,000.  
**WORCESTERSHIRE** (2½ hours London, under hour Birmingham). — An attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, beautifully placed on an eminence, well sheltered from north and east, and commanding magnificent views. Large hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms.

Electric light; stabling for 3, coachman's and gardener's cottages. The gardens are very charming, include double tennis or croquet lawn, and are bounded and studded with choice evergreens and forest trees, yews, rhododendrons, vineyard, walled kitchen garden, and some rich grassland. Details of TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. (9759.)



#### 90 acres. Trout Fishing. Residence.

**HERTS** (on main L. & N.W. Ry., 40 minutes from Euston, very favourite part and in the heart of the country). — Most attractive HOUSE, facing South, commanding extensive views, and standing secluded in its grounds. 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Spacious hall, billiard room.

#### 3 large reception rooms, conservatory, etc.

Stabling for 4, garage, laundry, model farmery, bailiff's house, 2 cottages. The pleasure gardens form a delightful feature, and contain some very handsome ornamental trees. The land comprises some sound pasture and 3 enclosures of arable. ½-mile first-class fishing (both banks). Golf links ½-mile. Hunting 5 days.

UNFURNISHED. £300 P.A., OR FOR SALE.

Personally inspected and strongly recommended.

Details of TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. (7952.)



#### Good shooting available. Golf. Yachting.

**CORNISH COAST** (1½ mile station, 3 miles town). In one of the finest positions on the English Riviera, 400ft. above sea, facing South with magnificent views. — An important MANSION, with

Lounge hall 38ft. by 30ft., 6 reception rooms, 23 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Fine conservatory. Hot-water heating, modern drainage. Stables for 8. Entrance lodge, cottage. The very beautiful gardens are laid out in terraces, lawns and pretty woodland, in which tree ferns and other sub-tropical specimens abound and thrive. Good fruit garden, glasshouses. Luxuriously furnished.

#### TO BE LET FOR SHORT OR LONG PERIOD.

Details of TRESIDDER & Co., 37, Albemarle St., W. (9337.)

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UNDER TWO HOURS FROM LONDON, main line.

Large oak-panelled hall, beautiful suite of reception rooms, 20 bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms; stabling, garage, and all appurtenances. Electric light.

SHOOTING OVER THE ESTATE OF 3,500 ACRES affords first-class sport. EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD TROUT FISHING. HUNTING WITH TWO PACKS.

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#### A MOTOR DRIVE FROM TOWN.

High ground, southern slope, and commanding views of

EPSOM DOWNS, BOXHILL, DORKING, RANMORE COMMON AND HOG'S BACK.

**A CHARMING ESTATE OF 450 ACRES.** WITH THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE MODERATE-SIZED MANSION FOR SALE; OR, IF DESIRED, THE HOUSE WOULD BE SOLD WITH LESS LAND.

All improvements, such as electric light, heating apparatus, telephone, several bathrooms, water softeners, modern drainage.

The Residence is exceptionally well fitted, stands in beautifully timbered grounds, and there are lodges, range of glasshouses, farm-house, and very good buildings for 100 head of cattle.

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#### HANTS.

Very favourite district within a motor drive of a first-class main line station; secondary station nearer.

#### HIGH GROUND. NEAR GOLF.

#### SUNNY ASPECT. OAK PANELLING.

**MANOR HOUSE**, depicted above, is Elizabethan with Queen Anne wings, and contains thirteen bedrooms and other accommodation.

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**GLOS AND WILTS BORDER** (close to; in a capital HUNTING centre, and affording quite good SHOOTING and some TROUT FISHING).—TO BE SOLD by a beneficiary, a compact ESTATE of nearly 600 ACRES, including a considerable area of valuable woods and well-timbered PARKLANDS, through which



the most delightful OLD HOUSE is approached by two drives with LODGES. Accommodation: eighteen bed and dressing, two bath, billiard, and five reception rooms, etc.—Full particulars from MABBETT & EDGE, as above. (9665.)

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A SACRIFICE,  
even under existing conditions.  
About 45 MILES from TOWN.



**TO CLOSE AN ESTATE**.—This beautifully appointed HOUSE, thoroughly up to date in every respect, together with the usual concomitants,

Lovely old grounds and park, in all about 100 ACRES.

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ON THE HILLS 350 FT. UP, IN A BRACING DISTRICT.  
PICTURESQUE GEORGIAN MANSION.

occupying a  
FINE POSITION IN CENTRE OF A PARK.

Two carriage drives with lodges. Large lounge hall, four reception rooms, billiard room, eighteen bed and dressing rooms, two baths, and complete offices.

**WELL-KEPT PLEASURE GARDENS.**  
Stabling and garage, etc. Sand and gravel soil. Acetylene gas installed.

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Healthy and bracing. 40 minutes from London.  
WELL EQUIPPED COUNTRY HOUSE.

LOUNGE HALL 22ft. by 18ft.  
DRAWING ROOM 22ft. by 16ft.  
DINING ROOM 22ft. 6in. by 15ft.  
BILLIARD ROOM 24ft. by 18ft.

Twelve bed and dressing rooms, two baths, and complete offices. Stabling, garage, two cottages. Company's water, central heating and gas installed.

**MAGNIFICENT PLEASURE GROUNDS,**  
wide spreading lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens, paddock, etc., in all

SIX ACRES.

Golf links close by. For SALE, A BARGAIN, or would LET, Furnished or Unfurnished.  
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35 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.  
CLOSE TO SEVERAL FIRST-CLASS GOLF LINKS.  
EXCELLENT FAMILY RESIDENCE,  
a few minutes' walk from a station and town.

Lounge hall. Twelve bed and dressing rooms.  
Billiard room. Two bathrooms.  
Three reception rooms. Garage and cottage.

**GARDENS AND GROUNDS** in perfect order, full-size croquet lawn and tennis court, skittle deck, orchard, etc., in all over three acres.

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450ft. above sea level, station one-and-a-quarter miles, in a beautiful district, short distance from excellent golf links.

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OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE.

in perfect order and commanding beautiful Southern views. LOUNGE HALL, DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS, all ornamented by old oak-beamed ceilings. Nine bedrooms, two bathrooms and offices; stabling, garage and two cottages.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS,

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A PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE.

containing charming lounge hall with beamed ceiling, drawing room, dining room, and excellent offices with fitted laundry, eight bedrooms, bath, etc.

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THROUGHOUT.

Stabling; Company's water and gas, telephone and main drainage. Tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden and terrace, fruit and kitchen garden, etc.  
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Two miles from the famous golf links at Forest Row, one-and-a-half miles from West Hoathly Station, five miles from East Grinstead.

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DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY  
HOUSE,

approached by a  
carriage drive nearly a quarter of a mile long, and  
SITUATE IN A PRIVATE PARK.

Two halls, four capital reception rooms, excellent offices, nine bedrooms, bathroom; first-class garage and stabling accommodation.

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THE PROPERTY is situate in a very delightful district and is well arranged, having the following accommodation:—

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS,  
ELEVEN BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,  
USUAL DOMESTIC OFFICES.

Good stabling and ample farm-buildings and cottages.

100 ACRES IN ALL.

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PRICE, TO INCLUDE TIMBER AND EIGHTEEN COTTAGES, £9,000.

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AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE,  
replete with all modern improvements, situate in  
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TO BE LET AT £250 PER ANNUM.

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OVER VALE OF WHITE  
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BEAUTIFUL  
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PICTURESQUE STONE-BUILT HOUSE. CAPABLE OF BEING VERY EFFECTIVELY RESTORED, WITH  
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Large garage and buildings; very tasteful grounds, tennis  
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Near station. Golf in district. **FOR SALE. SOLE  
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FROM G.W. RY. NEW  
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GEORGIAN RESIDENCE,  
IN PERFECT ORDER, with ELECTRIC LIGHT and  
modern conveniences.

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one of the finest in the country; BEAUTIFUL  
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The Residence occupies a magnificent situation

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library and modern offices, about sixteen bedrooms, two  
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HOME FARM if required, also additional farm.  
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ELECTRIC LIGHT WILL BE INSTALLED



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RESIDENCE, in high, beautifully wooded position;  
extensive views; carriage drive with lodge; lofty hall,  
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**BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD GROUNDS,**

with pleasant lawns, shady walks, walled kitchen garden.  
Stabling, cottage. Fishing, boating and hunting. Station  
half-a-mile.

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GLORIOUS VIEWS.

**600FT. ABOVE SEA.** **BEAUTIFULLY FUR-**  
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ten bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices.  
Gardens, lawns and some very fine  
timber, and a small bungalow. To  
LET, Furnished.—CURTIS & HENSON.

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winding drive with lodge). — For  
SALE, compact and complete PRO-  
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billiard, ten bedrooms, etc. ELEC-  
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JUST OVER AN HOUR FROM LONDON BY G.W. RY. EXPRESS TRAINS.

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**SINGULARLY CHOICE FREEHOLD**  
ESTATE of about 100 acres, including a beautifully  
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Electric light and all modern conveniences.

Stabling, garage, lodge, three cottages, farm-buildings.

Finely timbered gardens and small park.

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**SURREY.** Situate in that beautiful country South of  
GUILDFORD, and about four miles from Cranleigh.



**FOR SALE, OR WOULD BE LET.**  
**CHARMING OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE**  
WITH SIX ACRES OF LOVELY GROUNDS.

Eight bedrooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms.  
Acetylene gas, main water supply. Lodge, stabling,  
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ideal Country House, 1,000ft. altitude, containing dining  
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River Naver ... Two Rods.

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Particulars from JOHN MORRISON, Factor, Golspie.

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dining and drawing rooms, kitchen, scullery, three bed-  
rooms and boxroom, w.c. inside; large garden; gas; plea-  
santly situated midway between Faversham and Canterbury,  
daily service of buses to all coast towns. Rent £22 10s.  
inclusive.—Apply P. MARSH, Jubilee House, Dunkirk,  
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**COUNTRY COTTAGE** Wanted, Furnished or Un-  
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**UNSPOLI MANOR HOUSE**  
WITH SIX-AND-A-HALF ACRES.  
G.W. RY. MAIN LINE JUNCTION TWO-AND-A-HALF MILES, ONE-AND-A-HALF HOURS FROM TOWN.  
Oak-panelled hall and reception rooms, nine bedrooms, two bathrooms. Electric light, telephone, Company's water, and main drainage. STABLES AND GARAGE. Shady pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock. FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.  
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**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE** (one hour and ten minutes from London).—To be SOLD at the low price of £10,000, subject to contract, a picturesque HOUSE in the TUDOR STYLE, with the principal rooms panelled in oak. THE WHOLE IN GOOD ORDER. The House stands in the centre of the main street, which is most picturesque. Accommodation: Inner hall 31ft. by 19ft., library 23ft. by 16ft., capital billiard room 40ft. by 21ft., study 23ft. 6in. by 11ft., picture gallery 70ft. by 10ft., all beautifully panelled in oak. Finely carved oak staircase, drawing room 40ft. by 23ft., dining room 35ft. by 23ft., boudoir, smoking room, 22 bed, six dressing, and six bathrooms, day nursery, schoolroom, and governess' room; complete domestic offices. In a separate wing, four men's bedrooms and bathroom. Delightful, yet inexpensive pleasure grounds and paddock, in all over ELEVEN ACRES. More land can be purchased if desired.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8270.)



**BETWEEN OXTED AND CATERHAM** (rural district; gravel soil).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, originally a farmhouse which has been added to; standing 300ft. above sea level, with a South aspect; three reception rooms, eleven bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; Company's water; stabling and garage, small farmery. The gardens are a special feature of the Property; they are nicely timbered and well laid out, and include an exceptionally fine rock garden, two tennis courts, lawns, orchard, and pastureland, in all between eleven and twelve acres.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8181.)

£1,000.—**SUFFOLK**.—Picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE; nine bedrooms, bathroom; stabling and garage; matured grounds of three-and-a-half acres. (7736.)

£1,200.—**HANTS. FLEET** (250ft.; sand soil).—Five bedrooms, bathroom; five acres. (8110.)

£1,375.—**NEAR WINCHESTER** (gravel soil).—Old-fashioned HOUSE, covered in creepers; two reception, billiard, five bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; three acres. (8188.)

£1,500.—**SUSSEX** (520ft.; delightful views).—Pretty HOUSE; three reception, six bedrooms, bath; electric light; garage; two-and-three-quarter acres. (7664.)

£1,600.—**GUILDFORD DISTRICT**.—Old-fashioned oak-beamed COTTAGE; three reception rooms, six bedrooms, bath; gas; half-an-acre. (8190.)

£2,000.—**SURREY** (25 minutes from Town).—Seven bedrooms; stabling, cottage; two acres. (7700.)

£2,000.—**NEAR GUILDFORD**.—XVth Century RESIDENCE with old oak beams; six bedrooms, bathroom; two acres. (7010.)

£2,000.—**SOMERSET** (650ft.; excellent views).—Stone built HOUSE; four reception, nine bedrooms; two cottages; four-and-a-half acres. (8224.)

£2,150.—**ESSEX** (near Colchester).—Jacobean HOUSE, with old oak beams; three reception, billiard room, five bedrooms, bathroom; 27 acres. (8140.)

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£3,000.—**WILTS**.—Old HOUSE; twelve bedrooms; stabling and garage; twelve acres. (8416.)

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£4,300.—**ESSEX**.—Elizabethan MANOR HOUSE; fine old oak panelling and beams; billiard room, nine bed and dressing rooms; two cottages; 22 acres. (6100.)

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£6,000.—**WEYBRIDGE** (sandy soil; extensive views).—Billiard room, twelve bedrooms, three baths; garage; river frontage; boating and fishing; four acres. (7163.)

£7,000.—**WALTON HEATH** (620ft.).—Nine bedrooms, two baths; two-and-a-half acres. (7406.)

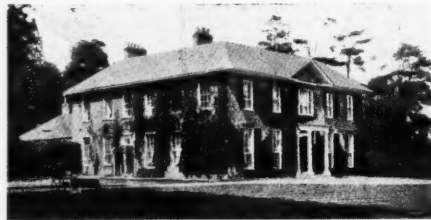
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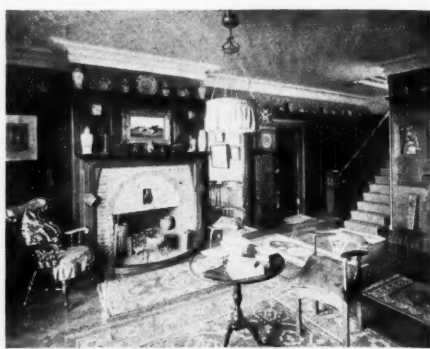
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"SOME SOURCES OF FLOWER FRAGRANCE" (Illus.), by E. H. Jenkins.

"RUDBECKIAS" (Illus.).

"THE GARDENS OF LOWTHER CASTLE" (Illus.), by the Rev. David R. Williamson.

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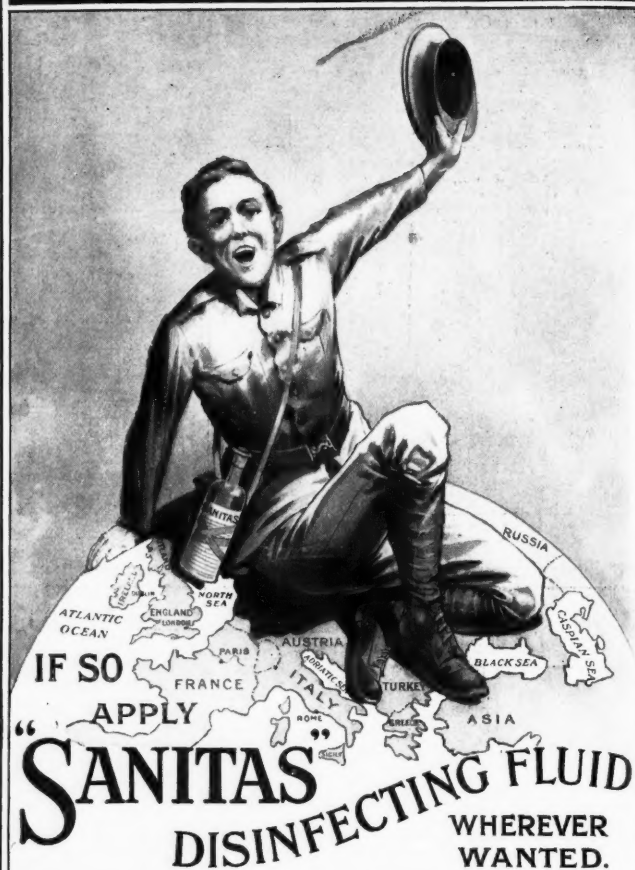
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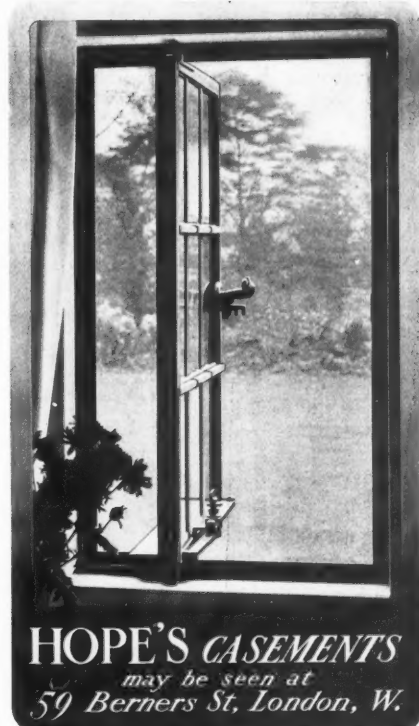
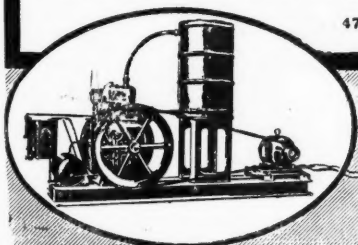
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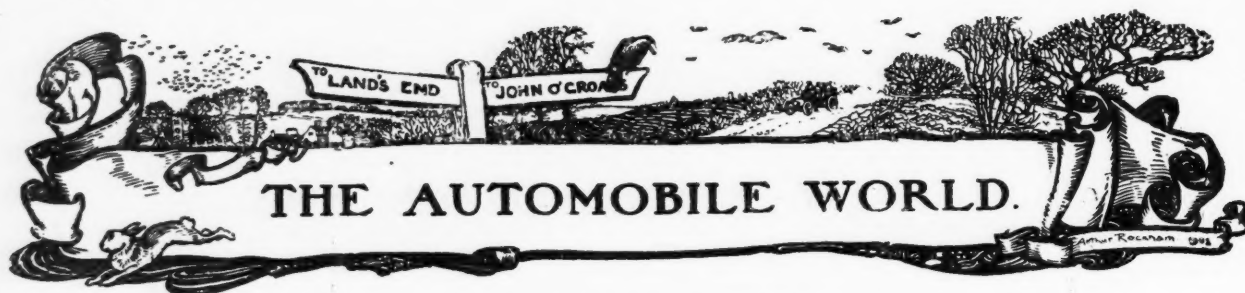
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## OLD ROAD BOOKS.

WHEN a true lover of the road cannot get upon the road, for whatever reason, he generally likes to read about it; and especially is this the case in winter. Road books, old and new, are many; they form a class in literature. Not that they are literary; for the most part they are not, whether you consider the earliest of them all, John Norden's "An Intended Guyde for English Travellers," published in 1625, or those volumes of the "British Road Book" devised by Mr. E. R. Shipton, secretary and moving spirit of the Cyclists' Touring Club in its great days. Those works, typical of the ages in which they were produced, have no sort of traffic with things literary; they are of a severe and serious order of practicality, and your true literary person will have no joy of them, practical things being as a rule abhorrent to him.

At this particular season of the year I, with many another fellow traveller, amateurs all of the open road, stay at home. What else would you do at Christmas time? Yet, although the fireside be alluring and the glance out o' window reveals, in the short hours of daylight, bare boughs that hang with rimy moisture, the blood grows stagnant within doors, and one sighs for the countryside again. There are not even any exhibitions of automobiles this winter, and at the lordly pleasure-house of motoring, the Royal Automobile Club in Pall Mall, there may be a suspicion of the automobile, but it is difficult indeed to come by it. It is a very long while indeed since I have seen a member in those gorgeous halls dressed *en auto*; and, you know, a stranger might take it to be an ordinary social club; a bigger and a better and a livelier one, of course, than its staid neighbours, the Athenæum and the Carlton.

They have a library at the Royal Automobile Club. Not much of a library, and you will not find the literature of the road represented there. That is one of the quaint things about the Royal Automobile Club, and characteristically paradoxical. I would lay a wager that at the Athenæum, which one generally associates with Bishops excogitating "charges," and with that kind of literature which everyone conventionally admires and no one reads, the library includes more road literature than you will find at the Royal Automobile Club. But as I am not a member of the Athenæum, I am reduced to my own library when I want to pass the time with old road books. My shelves yield me John Norden, as aforesaid. A quaint person he, and amusing for a winter's day within doors, although there is not much of him. Gentle soul, he disarms criticism, with his "Beare with Defects," at the bottom of every page. We who write books do not admit in print any such human liability to error, and we cry no man mercy. But Norden was wise in his generation. He did right in admitting the possibility of being wrong. For, indeed, he was often extremely wrong in his distances. York, he tells us, is 150 miles from London, but the modern road book knows it to be really 197 miles, and so with other places in degree. As a matter of fact, in those times distances were very much a matter of guesswork.

In 1635, ten years onward, Norden had a rival in the shape of a curious little book called "A Direction for the English Traveller, by which he shall be enabled to Coast about all England and Wales." You, being then, in the reign of Charles I, desirous to coast about the country and to be fully informed on the score

of mileages, purchased a copy of the publisher, Mathew Simons, at "the golden Lion in Ducke laine," and you coasted accordingly, just as inaccurately informed about mileages as if you carried Norden.

But the great road book was soon to be produced, great in every sense of the word. In 1675 was published the portly folio called "Britannia," by John Ogilby, in which the principal roads of England and Wales, "Actually Admeasured and Delineated in a Century of Whole-Sheet Copper-Sculps," were treated of. This noble work, with its beautiful etched title-page by Hollar, was in a sense commissioned by Charles II, who issued to Ogilby, his "Cosmographer Royal," a brief commending him to all the authorities he should meet in the course of his survey. Ogilby claims to have travelled 40,000 miles in compiling his great book. In measuring distances he was a pioneer. No guesswork for him! He used for this work what he called a "wheel-dimensurator," a wheel fitted with a handle and wound with a ten-mile length of tape. The Post Office of that age, relying on tradition, had computed distances. Thus to Birmingham from London had always been reckoned 89 miles, and to Holyhead from London 208 miles. Really, Ogilby, conscientiously measuring, found the distances to be 116 miles and 269 miles respectively. We nowadays declare for 109½ miles and 260½ miles. The Post Office mile, which he calls the "vulgar computation," was therefore practically a third longer than our so-called Statute mile, which dates from 1593, and was constituted by a Statute of the thirty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. "As to the English Mile," says Ogilby, in his Preface, "it is deduc'd from a Barley-Corn, whereof 3 in length make an Inch." However that may be, the mile was fixed in the Elizabethan statute at eight "forty-ongs," or furlongs, of forty perches each, a perch to consist of 5½ yds. But this mile was not instituted primarily with the idea of creating a national standard of measurement, only incidentally to an Act concerned with forbidding the growth of London, whose size was then alarming the Legislature. This Act forbade building within three miles of the capital, and it accordingly became necessary exactly to define what a mile was. Therefore provincial "miles," in the absence of milestones, were generally in their length a matter of taste and fancy.

I have a copy of Ogilby's fine folio on my shelves, a good copy, in the original massive binding, but the finest I have seen is that from Sir William Fraser's library, perfectly clean and beautifully rubricated. Quite clean and perfect copies are rare, because this massive tome was kept in those old times by every considerable inn for the benefit of guests. As a work of reference it was invaluable and greatly in request. Travellers thumbed those pages and upset their wine over them; nor did they scorn to steal a page or so that seemed particularly useful, so that some of those "copper sculps" are sometimes missing.

It is remarkable how good those old road plans are, and how few the mistakes or the changes in essentials. The spelling of place names is occasionally quaint, such as "Haverborough" for Market Harborough, "Nampwich" for Nantwich, and the old country accent "Darking" for Dorking, but these are few. More redolent of ancient times are the objects sometimes pictured by the wayside, such as the beacons or firepots, to guide travellers by night, and such inscriptions as "Furs and fern.



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Dunlop : The car has been sliding about all over the place. No proper non-skids. There ought to be one steel-studded and one grooved cover on each pair of wheels. A steel-studded cover grips where an all-rubber cover doesn't, and vice-versa. It is the only arrangement for all weathers, and your roads out here are the limit just now.

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Trade



Mark.

A moorish place," near Long Compton, on the road to Worcester, indicating wild country. Then there is "Beggar's Bush," near Huntingdon, and "Hangman's Oake in ye Road," near Rugeley; while, of course, such objects as "Ye Gallows" on the way to Lichfield and elsewhere, heartened the traveller, who knew at the sight of such that he was in a land where law and order reigned. Such things Ogilby sets down on his "copper-sculps" with a meticulous and loving care. If it be not a gallows, it is "Gibbit," which is only as different a thing as Tweedledum is from Tweedledee. One of these pleasing objects of the wayside is set down outside Chester; and outside Coventry, on Whitley Common, there is pictured a something in the likeness of a football goal post. This lacks an inscription, but no football was played there. It simply represents the extra large and permanent gallows once the feature of that spot. CHARLES G. HARPER.

#### THE POSITION OF PETROL SUBSTITUTES.

THE history of the endeavours that have been made to popularise substitutes for petrol is a curious and rather interesting one. About ten years ago the feeling became general that the price of petrol would rise, and the whole question of substitutes was fully discussed, particularly by the Fuel Committee formed by the Motor Union. The principal result was a strong recommendation in favour of alcohol, but nothing tangible and immediate followed from the whole enquiry, owing to the absence of any machinery for turning theory into practice. Soon after that, and possibly partly owing to the agitation, the price of petrol decreased and dropped so low as to cause motorists generally to lose interest in the problem of finding a substitute. At the time when the petrol tax was first imposed the price was on the down grade, and Mr. Lloyd George was able to point out that even when the tax was included the motorist would be paying less for his petrol than he had done a year or so before.

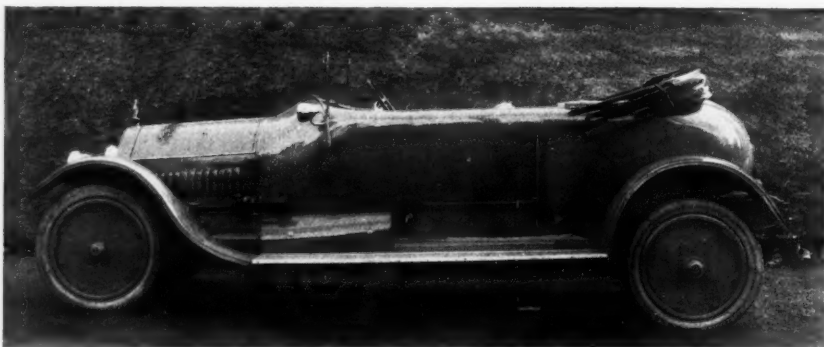
Next came a turn in the tide. Prices began to advance. It was generally felt that the increases were of a permanent character, and it was openly stated by those connected with petrol interests that the proper price of a commodity is what it will fetch. It is not to be supposed that the rise in the price was a mere result of a combination of interests. It was concerned even more closely with the natural relations between supply and demand, and the basic fact that the latter was growing more rapidly than the former.

Then came a second period of interest in petrol substitutes. A great deal of work was done, and quite a considerable quantity of what might have been useful work was spoilt by the somewhat small-minded attitude adopted in many quarters. Those who were looking for petrol substitutes were not content to work together to the common end, but spent quite an appreciable part of their time in pulling one another to pieces and quarrelling about the relative merits of the various suggested solutions of the problem. The use of "cracking" processes, by means of which an additional yield of motor spirit can be obtained from heavier petroleum oils, helped materially to increase the supply available in America, and so to steady the export price of American petrol. Fuels of the benzol order began to be manufactured. Some wild claims were made, and their folly subsequently exposed. Meanwhile, much steady work went on, and a comparatively small but appreciable output of benzol resulted. The possibilities of alcohol at the same time claimed renewed attention, and a committee was formed to investigate them, supported by the Royal Automobile Club and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Then came the war. For an instant there was a scare about petrol prices, and ridiculous sums were paid to the retailers. When matters settled down, it was found that our imports of motor spirit continued regularly, and that prices remained firm. The fact that our adversaries were cut off from the supplies of most of the greatest markets no doubt contributed to this state of affairs. At the present moment petrol holds as strong a monopoly as it ever did. Every drop of benzol is needed in connection with the manufacture of explosives. This somewhat unexpected development led to a rather amusing situation, since some of those who had previously argued that we must at all costs manufacture huge quantities of benzol so as to have an internal supply of motor spirit available in time of war, suddenly discovered that this was not of much consequence, but that they were undoubtedly the saviours of the nation, inasmuch as they had helped to encourage the provision of an essential to that very important explosive known as "T.N.T."

The benzol group being thus disposed of for the time, there remained the potentiality of alcohol. Now, it appears that in France all the alcohol that can be produced is wanted for explosives, and double the quantity could conveniently be consumed. The demand is also big in connection with the dye industry, and for the moment at least there is no immediate prospect whatever of either the benzol or the alcohol group offering any competition worth mentioning to the supremacy of petrol, which is perhaps even more complete than it ever was in the past.

#### FORD PROPAGANDA.

IN a London evening paper there recently appeared a long letter from the Ford Motor Company (England), Limited, setting forth at considerable length the importance of that concern to the British Empire. In this letter it was stated that "It is a malicious slander to describe anything which Mr. Ford has said or done as pro-German." This appears to be a matter of opinion. We quite recognise the fact that by discouraging the sale of Ford cars, or by refusing to advertise them, we do not endanger, nor seriously depreciate, the enormous fortune which Mr. Ford has amassed, partly as a result of business which he has done within the British Empire. It has, however, been said with some reason that a successful man is less averse to a pecuniary loss than to a realisation of the fact that he has committed an error of judgment, or in any way made a mistake calculated to reduce his influence. The fact that we cannot, if we would, seriously injure Mr. Ford personally makes very little difference to our conclusion as to whether we ought, or ought not, to take the only possible action which can bring home to him the folly of what he said about the Franco-British Financial Commission, and the harm that, however unintentionally, his words caused. We admit, of course, that the Ford interests within Great Britain provide employment for a considerable number of men, but we do not think that at such a moment this fact greatly affects the case, since there is no lack of important employment for skilled mechanics capable of doing good work in connection with the motor industry. Similarly, the possible effect upon motor agents and their employees resulting from any diminution in the sale of Ford cars is not a matter which can be considered when we have to deal with an important general principle. In fact, it seems to us highly undesirable



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that too large a number of persons connected with the retail motor trade of this country should have their welfare closely bound up with any one foreign concern. The organisation of British motor traders should be in the main independent of foreign influences and truly national in its character.

Mr. Charles Marston hit the nail on the head in a letter which he recently addressed to the *Motor Trader* in reply to one from Mr. Perry, who is in charge of Ford interests over here. Mr. Perry apparently seeks to dissociate the English concern from Mr. Ford and the American Company. "If," Mr. Marston asks, "the Ford Motor Company of America is really hardly interested in the English business, then neither is it interested in these English import duties. Why, then, does Mr. Perry 'capture the organisation' of the M.T.A. to agitate against the duties? And why does Mr. Ford say such nasty things about the English war loan? Surely it is because the Ford Motor Company of America supplies the English Company with the parts of the cars, and makes such an immense profit out of the British market that Mr. Ford and Mr. Perry have been moving heaven and earth, the Press and the M.T.A. to get the tax repealed."

This gets to the root of the matter, and incidentally and very properly draws the attention of the motoring community to the fact that the Motor Trade Association has come very near falling a victim to Ford interests. Fortunately, even now there is time for the British motor retailer to shake himself free.

#### ITEM.

The Automobile Association and Motor Union has made representations to the Home Office on the subject of the danger caused by the driving of cattle and other animals on the road after dark without lights, or any adequate means of indicating to approaching vehicles their presence on the road. The Association has suggested that the persons in charge at the front and rear of the animals be compelled to carry lamps of a suitable type, and that there should also be an obligation upon these persons to signal to approaching vehicles.





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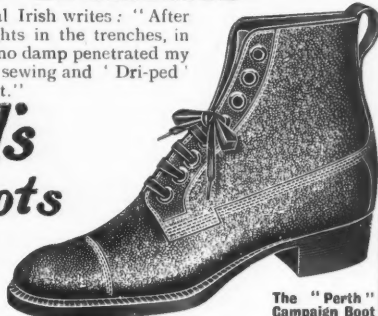
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## LORD MIDDLETON'S HORSE-BREEDING COMMITTEE.

THE report of Lord Middleton's Committee on Horse Breeding appears at an opportune moment. The recommendations it contains are simple and practical, with, perhaps, one exception. They have most of them been anticipated in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE. This is not so much a tribute to the soundness of the views of the paper as an evidence that the Committee voices the general opinion of practical breeders. The compulsory registration of stallions offered by their owners for public service has been too long delayed. The widespread mischief that must result from the extensive use of one unsound stallion far outweighs the evil of a possible rejection of a useful horse now and then. A well established reputation for soundness not only makes our national breed of horses more useful, but it is a commercial asset of no small value. Soundness in a stallion reduces the chances of failure and loss to the breeder, and attracts buyers. Compulsory registration of all advertised stallions, whether they are intended to breed stock for the racecourse or general utility, is the soundest foundation on which to establish a breed or sustain a market. The second recommendation, to increase the number of King's Premium stallions, has been long felt to be necessary. If horse breeding is to be profitable and even possible for those smaller breeders who are the backbone of the industry, good stallions must be brought within easy reach. From registration the necessity for inspecting the stallions follows as a matter of course, and the further inspection of the stock should be a part of the inspector's duty. A stallion might be useful in one district that would be unsuited to the mares of another, and, of course, a stallion which has not a reasonable percentage of foals is no use anywhere. The present method of judging stallions on show ring lines makes some subsequent inspection absolutely necessary. The most attractive stallions are often perfect failures, and I have one in my mind now with a fine record of performances on the racecourse, a first-rate pedigree and any amount of good looks, which failed entirely to leave any stock. The recommendation to purchase stallions for country service seems to have lost some of its point now that the Board of Agriculture is committed by the acceptance of Colonel Hall-Walker's studs to breed thoroughbred stallions for the use of the country. It is, by the way, of happy omen that they have purchased Russley, always associated with the name of Thormanby, one of the most powerful of stallions and a model of the thoroughbred of size, substance and quality. The brood mare scheme is tenderly dealt with, and should be very carefully looked into. Is it worth the money expended on it? This is, perhaps, a case for a departmental enquiry. The report admits that the brood mare scheme is not everywhere successful, and it would be interesting to know what, if any, success it has had.

A plan of buying fillies to be bred from has great advantages over the ordinary brood mare schemes. After the recommendation to increase the supply of stallions, it is probably the most useful part of the report. The value of some such plan for fillies was last month unanimously affirmed at a meeting of the National Pony Society's Council, consisting of practical breeders and judges; this is evidence that this recommendation will be met with approval, and should strengthen the hands of the Board of Agriculture if they decide, as we hope they will, to give the purchase of fillies a trial. The advisory committees are to be strengthened, and they should consist of working members.

The Committee further expresses the opinion, certainly justified by the experience of the past two years, that racing and hunting are necessary elements in the supply of horses. They might have added that they are the most economical means of keeping up the horse supply. But racing has been so hard hit that we must expect a scarcity of stallions, and a great increase in the number of geldings in proportion. Hunting still goes on and, in a quiet way, still carries on its work for the nation; but recent events have shown that no sacrifices nor any services to horse breeding can protect a hunt from the attacks of certain pharisaical sentimentality, and the Government is wise, even in these times, to provide assistance, when our national sports are no longer able to do so, for horse breeding as much as they have done in the past.

But whatever schemes are adopted, the racecourse and the hunting-field will still provide the necessary tests of the success of the endeavours of breeders, whether those breeders are

private individuals or a Government department. The report further lays down the principle that the thoroughbred stallion is the only sort suitable for founding any race of useful horses. Some people may doubt this, but the universal practice of breeders tends to show that this is so and that the Committee is right. X.

## KENNEL NOTES.

### A GUNDOG SHOW SOCIETY.

IN conformity with the modern tendency of grouping certain kindred breeds together, owners of shooting dogs have now formed a society under the comprehensive title of the National Gundog Show Society, the purpose of which is sufficiently indicated. Terrier men especially have demonstrated what can be done in this way by running great joint shows under the able management of Mr. Holland Buckley, these being among the most interesting of the annual round. I have often commended an idea which enables people to inspect any associated varieties towards which they may incline with more care than is possible at a more general fixture. A few breeds, notably bulldogs, fox terriers, and Pekingese, are strong enough to stand by themselves. Considering the enthusiasm and influential backing behind gundogs, it is a matter for surprise, perhaps, that the new society has been so tardy in putting in an appearance, but now that it has come it carries with it every possibility of an immediate success, the names of those forming the committee inspiring the utmost confidence. These are: Mrs. Charlesworth, Colonel Claude Cane (hon. secretary), Mr. W. S. Carlton, Mr. A. G. Daniell (hon. treasurer), Mr. Ralph Fytche (vice-chairman), and Mrs. Fytche, Mr. W. S. Glynn, Mr. Percy R. Heaton, Mr. F. C. Lowe, Mr. J. C. Mair Rumley, Mr. L. Allen Shuter, Colonel the Hon. W. le Poer Trench and Mr. T. W. Twyford. I am glad to hear that Lord Lonsdale will be the president.

An outstanding fact immediately occurring to one is that all are excellent sportsmen, if the ladies will forgive the masculine epithet, not a single one being an exhibitor pure and simple. In connection with such a body this is most satisfactory, and the last fate in the world one could wish for shooting dogs is that those exhibited should be divorced from working properties. Colonel Claude Cane should make an ideal secretary. He is *persona grata* to everyone, thanks to the general esteem in which he is held and the executive ability that he displayed during his long association with the Kennel Club Committee. He is also one of the pillars of the Spaniel Club. The first show, which is to be held at the Royal Horticultural Hall on January 13th, will be anticipated with pleasure by a great many, and I shall not be astonished to see a large number of the old school putting in an appearance as well as those of the younger generation. The judges will be Mr. J. Sidney Turner, Colonel Claude Cane, Colonel Millner and Mr. F. C. Lowe.

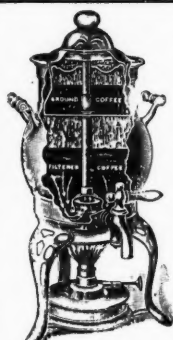
### TREATMENT OF ECZEMA.

One or two subjects in relation to the diseases of dogs seem to be of perennial interest, skin complaints, distemper and internal parasites forcing themselves upon the attention more than others merely from the frequency with which they occur. A letter from a correspondent prompts me to say something about eczema this week. Although the ground has been covered before, new readers doubtless will be glad of such information as I can give. The difficulty in dealing with this complaint within the compass of a short note is complicated by the fact that there are various forms of eczema, the commonest, perhaps, being that known colloquially as red mange, indicated by an inflammatory condition of the skin, which causes a general redness, accompanied by a good deal of irritation. Acute moist eczema appears in little patches, which give off a discharge, and may extend as the animal nibbles or scratches the place. Chronic and dry eczema are about the most troublesome forms to cure. The hair falls off extensively, and the skin becomes of a dull, leadish colour.

Authorities differ as to the cause, but if all are not agreed as to the exact toxic processes in the intestinal tract that set up the irritation, most accept the belief that absence of meat in the dietary or the presence of internal parasites are largely contributory. A simple course of raw meat, persevered in for several weeks, has often effected a transformation in the condition of the sufferer. As for the other reason, a vermifuge is clearly indicated. Some years ago a gentleman told us in



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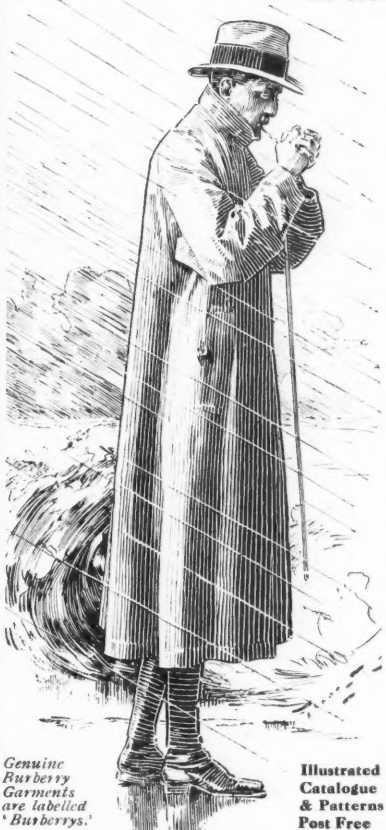
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COUNTRY LIFE that his dogs had been entirely free from the disease since he gave them soft water to drink, and others to whom I have mentioned the matter have been more than pleased with the result. Veterinary opinion has undergone a change within recent years. At one time most owners believed firmly in some preparation of tar, but the modern tendency is in favour of non-irritants as dressings. Ichthyol ointment, a mild solution of permanganate of potash, creolin baths of a 5 per cent. strength, and so on are all recommended. Powdered sulphur made into an ointment with vaseline is often efficacious, and moist places may be simply dusted with boric acid powder.

Many dogs undoubtedly have a hereditary predisposition to eczema, and it may be that nothing but a course of arsenic, in doses carefully prescribed by a practitioner suited to the breed, will bring about a healthier condition of the skin.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

## PROTECTIVE COLORATION IN WAR.

SOME time ago—there is no need to be more precise—two army officers were chatting together in the lounge of a Brighton hotel. The younger officer, an artilleryman, was concerned about his guns. Circumstances over which he had no control had compelled him to place them, ready for action, in front of a range of sunlit sand hills, against which they could be clearly seen from the deck of any ship that came within sight of land. He explained why they could not be masked in any of the ways well understood by artillerymen, and then he went on to say that as he was forced to do something, he had a wash mixed as nearly sand colour as he could get it, daubed the guns and their carriages over with it, and then rowed out from the shore in a boat to see how they looked. Instead of being almost invisible, as he had expected them to be, they were as conspicuous as ever. He added: "I might just as well have tarred them. I had to have the stuff all cleaned off, and now I'm wondering what other scheme to try. Can you suggest anything?"

The other officer, an older man having a considerable reputation as a traveller and naturalist, thought for a few moments and then said, "I don't know much about field guns, but what you have told me reminds me of something I saw a few months ago. It was in a natural history museum. There were two models of birds mounted in a case, painted to resemble a sandy desert. One of the models was the colour of sand and the other a pale greyish-blue. If you looked at them from a distance of about twenty yards you could see the sandy model as plainly as if it were only a yard off, but the blue one was almost, if not entirely, invisible. I'm not exactly sure why it should have been so. The case was intended to illustrate protective coloration in bird life, and I believe the atmosphere had something to do with it. The sandy model stood out clear against the black shadow it cast, but the blue one, as you got further and further away from it, blended with its own shadow and soon vanished from sight. The subject is one I've never gone into, but it may have a bearing on your unsuccessful experiment with your guns. If I were you, I'd colour them a pale blue and see what the result of that would be."

Since the above conversation took place the importance of protective coloration in war has been generally recognised, and to-day no officer in command of field guns, a regiment or a warship can afford to ignore it. It is a subject of peculiar interest and one which can only be properly understood by one who has made a careful study of the effects and advantages of protective coloration and mimicry in animal life. The German War Office, which, unlike our own, has always sought the advice of scientific experts, appreciated its value when selecting a colour for the uniform of the soldiers, and at the present time experiments are being made with the object of rendering Zeppelins invisible by daylight. Fortifications, both permanent and temporary, have been so disguised that the eye alone cannot distinguish them from cliffs, rocks, dunes or thickets of brushwood, and special attention has been given to the appearance of such structures as viewed from aircraft passing over them. The combining and intermingling of colours on walls, breakwaters, quays and roofs, in order to make them blend imperceptibly with their natural surroundings, has been thoroughly investigated and extensively practised by more than one nation now engaged in war. This fact probably explains the lack of success which

has attended some of the aerial bombing raids carried out by the enemy and the Allies.

That the adoption by the Germans of protective coloration has rendered the frequent naval bombardments of the Belgian coast less effective than they would otherwise have been is almost certain, but it must not be imagined that the cleverness in baffling and deceiving gunners has been all on one side. Although it may be impossible or impracticable so to disguise an undefended seaside watering-place as to make it difficult for a raiding squadron to identify it, it does not follow that other places, more important from a naval or military standpoint, cannot be made to undergo such a remarkable change of aspect as to render information obtained about them by spies practically valueless. As time goes on and the engines of aerial warfare become perfected and more formidable, the need for protective coloration will become more urgent. Meanwhile considerable ingenuity is being displayed in the direction of providing it, and it is not too soon to ask whether the authorities responsible for the protection of important and historic public buildings and certain national monuments have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the latest developments of protective artifice. It is quite possible to paint even such conspicuous objects as the dome of St. Paul's and Boston Church tower in such a way as to make it almost impossible for enemy aircraft to recognise them even by daylight.

Protective coloration is sure to play a prominent part in naval warfare. It would do so if a great sea fight took place to-morrow, and the time may come when battles will be fought between invisible fleets. Just as it is comparatively easy to make a big tramp steamer look like a Dreadnought, so a Dreadnought can be made to assume the appearance of a tramp steamer. In the Navy it has become well understood that at sea things very often are not what they seem to be; also that a vessel need not be submersible in order to disappear suddenly and mysteriously from sight. One day it may be possible to enlighten the public as to why aircraft have been almost entirely unsuccessful in locating and attacking warships, and to explain how easy it is for the captain of a ship, by using a little paint, to make it very difficult for a submarine to estimate correctly the speed at which the vessel is steaming. That much may be gained and many risks avoided if one warship can be made to look like another is a fact that was fully appreciated by the brilliant commander of the German cruiser Emden. Even greater advantages may accrue from a ship not looking like a ship at all.

The conditions of modern warfare make it imperative that both sides in a conflict shall resort to artifice. It may seem that in this direction Germany has little to learn but, if our sailors were allowed to tell tales, we might hear that there have been occasions when the Germans have been as thoroughly bamboozled as the fictitious personage who was made to believe that the moon was a cream cheese. Merchant seamen speak openly of the strange sights they have seen in the North Sea and elsewhere, and a good story is going the round of nautical circles of a foreign sea captain who tried to land on a mud bank and discovered it to be a fort! Although things have not yet come to such a pass at sea that it is safe to assume that nothing there is what it seems to be, it is betraying no secret to say that vessels as mysterious as any phantom ship of romance seem to have come into existence since the beginning of the great war.

W. A. DUTT.

**The Furniture Collector**, by E. W. Gregory. (Herbert Jenkins.)

OF handbooks on old furniture, its acquisition and after care, there have been so many, that the reviewer is inclined to approach another with some wariness. It is obvious that a book of three hundred pages cannot contain the whole wisdom of such a wide subject, but Mr. Gregory is justified in his labour. The book is not only very useful but eminently readable, and the illustrations appositely chosen. The author does not concern himself with magnificent museum pieces, but mainly with the sort of examples that the ordinary collector may hope to acquire. He lays some stress in a separate chapter on one of the most typical products of the English maker, the Windsor chair. Several examples are illustrated which show how in the eighteenth century the typical Windsor back was married to fashionable details, such as cabriole legs, hoof feet, Chippendale Gothic tracery, etc. An interesting reference has been unearthed from "Notes and Queries" showing that Smollett used the terms "Windsor chair" as early as 1759. A chapter is devoted to "Your enemy the wood-beetle," who is responsible for the damage incorrectly known as worm-holes. Mr. Gregory is a little gloomy about the success of the various methods for eradicating this pest, but inclines to recommend, as the most reliable, fumigation with carbon bisulphide fumes in an air-tight box. A solution of corrosive sublimate painted on the affected part and worked well into the holes is often found satisfactory, but its success is not invariable and it is a very dangerous poison to handle. The book can be confidently recommended not only to beginners in collecting, but also to those who have travelled some way on this fascinating road.



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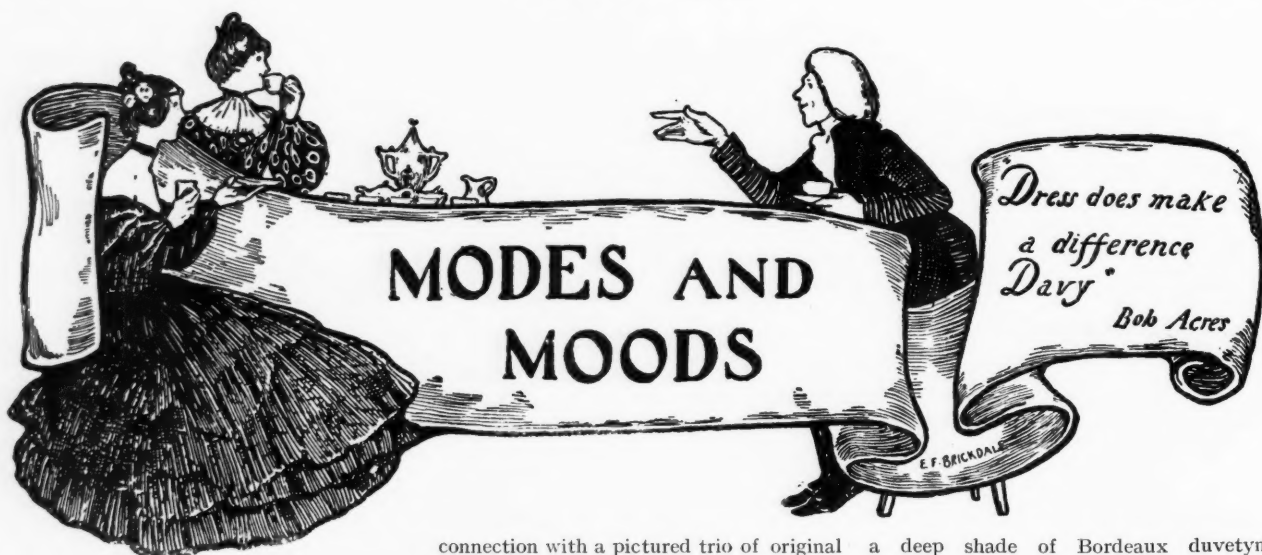
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WE are just on the verge of turning over the first leaf of the new book of fashions, although with so much that is fresh to assimilate we might well pause for a longer space before starting forth on the deciphering of other texts. Perhaps, indeed, it is extremely probable that this pause will be granted to us, and it will be good indeed to separate the wheat of good taste and moderation from the chaff of exaggeration, which invariably betokens bad taste. As coming under the latter head we shall shortly place the too abbreviated skirt. That it has a *chic* may be freely granted, but the "young person," anyway on this side the Channel, and doubtless on the other also, who always contrives to run away with an extreme expression is effectually killing the fancy. Surely boots are high enough nowadays, but the said young person elects to stay the length of her skirt a good inch above the summit of these. Now and again, when the wearer is incontestably young and pretty, one pardons this straining after startling effect. But a sensation very comparable to a cold douche assails one when the wearer has not been too generously endowed with Nature's attributes, and has, perchance, at the same time passed the zenith of youth.

I have in my mind's eye a typical example that chanced across my path of vision only the other day. Arrayed in a black ponyskin flowing coat, hemmed, cuffed and collared with natural opossum, the back view might have been mistaken for sweet seventeen. But oh! the face, hard featured and rubicund, speedily belied that belief. I have no reason to believe the lady was sixty, but she might have been. But to return. I have reason to know that several Parisian *couturières* are very deliberately and determinedly lengthening their skirts. In some instances the ankle is just covered, and in others is just missed. The best appreciated efforts in this regard have to do with evening dresses, a subject, however, that must be touched on a little later in

connection with a pictured trio of original designs.

The sketch adorning this page depicts a smart, neat tailor made, carried out in



A DUVETYN COAT WITH GOLD BRAID AND BUTTONS.

a deep shade of Bordeaux duvetyn, trimmed dull gold braid and buttons. The treatment throughout is marked by commendable restraint, the coat falling within a few inches of the hem of the skirt. These wine shades are such a relief from the insistent navy, mole and tête de nègre nuances, and the touch of dull gold is quite an enlivening feature. An attractive movement is accorded by the deep turn-back cuff, quite a picturesque military addition, a complement to which is provided in the high close fitting collar.

Among the novelties to be reckoned with in the near future is the fringed skirt. Most likely it will have been forgotten, but in the very early autumn days I reported the advent of fringes and described the ravelling out of the hem of a gabricord skirt and coat to form a fringe effect. This method is now in recognised use, while skirts are likewise being trimmed and at the same time lengthened with a silk fringe, one half the depth of which is knotted to form a treillage. As the fur hour slips away, fringe will probably step boldly into the breach. It has, anyway, made a good start, together with the clear lace hem presumably belonging to a petticoat, though perhaps not.

The text of evening frocks, simple for the most part, is extraordinarily alluring. On every side we are confronted by efforts that for charm and grace and originality have certainly not been equalled for a very long time. A conspicuous feature, and one proving itself an immense success, is the close-fitting early Victorian corsage. This figures in the sweetest little frocks of taffetas. One in the gloriously rich shade known as bishop's purple boasted a moderate length skirt gathered and gauged several times at the top, while the 1830 bodice was cut in one with little chemise sleeves, and the round décolletage finished with a drawn tucker of vellum-tinted tulle.

This bodice, indeed, save for the sleeves, was an almost exact replica of the one worn by the top left-hand figure. The sleeves, however, more typical of the period, are short and puffed, and fashioned of fine lace over tulle. This scheme would carry out delightfully in black and white, taffetas being used throughout. Or brown and a delicate





A PICTURE FROCK IN TAFFETAS AND VELLUM LACE.

champagne, or saffron, to both of which the lace could be toned, are alternative suggestions.

Black throughout is the inevitable story of the model shown at the right hand. Spotted black net and chiffon velvet, alternate lines of which effect a most pleasing *ensemble*, are allied in this supremely original creation. Although a faithful portraiture of what is worn, the sleeveless corsage might be sleeved without in any way disturbing the character of the design. A very favourite line is the high, square *décolletage*, carried from shoulder to shoulder and repeated at the back, the velvet lower half representing more a deep corselet than anything else, the centre front drawn up into the suspicion of a point, upheld by a chain of cut jet beads; while behind ends of velvet are attached and allowed to trail to the ground, a mere suggestion of a train, yet hinting a revival that is still more enforced in the third and last design.

Any colour, but only one material—mousseline de soie—is suited to this, a gown of infinite softness and unstudied folds. Deep and shaped stitched hems give point to both skirt and tunic, the latter developing into a short wispy train, almost at the edge of which is poised a velvet flower. In all black, merely relieved by two flaming velvet poinsettias, an admirable effect, very much to the taste of the moment, would be achieved; while to meet more flamboyant tastes there is a wondrous rose colour that would be lovely worn with an old-gold folded metal ribbon belt, black poinsettias lending their sombreness to the tempering of the scheme. Every eye will be arrested by the picturesque fichu bodice, tucked with such apparent carelessness into the high ceinture, the edges trimmed everywhere with a small plissé frill of the same, this at the back being induced to stand upwards, the hard finish of the very *décolleté*



A FICHU BODICE AND WISPY TRAIN.



THE NEW DECOLLETAGE AND CORSELET BODICE.

underbodice likewise falling pleasantly into the picture. Nor must report be missing of a feeling for sharply contrasting skirts and bodices in the galère of evening dress, a fancy that points to economy rather than artistic effect. However, these have yet to be seen to be judged.

Some attractive little *demi-toilette* or home dinner dresses are arranged with chiffon velvet skirt and ivory net bodices, hooped round with three or four narrow bands of the velvet, passed through wee buckles in front. This style, simple as it is, never fails to please. In the case of a black velvet scheme, a deep corselet of gold lace was carried up to the figure line beneath the ivory net. Both gold coarse mesh tulle and a fine gold lace are much in request for both evening dresses and tea-gowns. A beech brown ninon tea-gown was lovely, mounted over a soft Manon satin, the ninon veiling an entire underbodice of this gold tulle, *appliqué* with lace, the latter likewise fashioning a picturesque Medici collar lightly wired.

L. M. M.

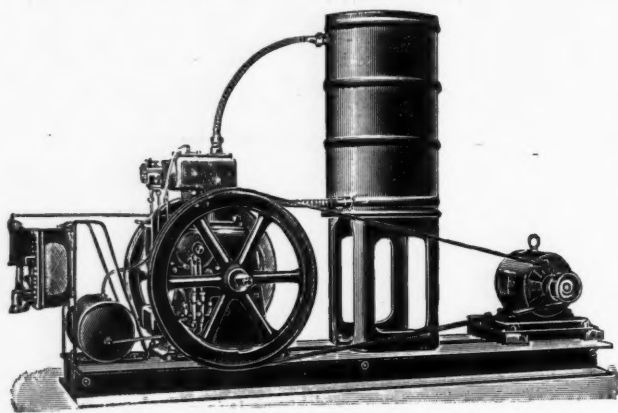
## For Town and Country

### POLISH WAR VICTIMS.

FROM time to time we have referred to the terrible plight of Polish war victims. The Poles still in Poland are beyond our help, but huge numbers have taken refuge on Russian soil and the condition of these is indeed terrible. Fleeing before an invading army whose conduct in the East has been, if possible, more revolting than it was in Belgium, the majority have reached friendly territory absolutely destitute. Families have been parted, children lost for ever, old people have died by the way-side. Broadly speaking, a million fugitive exiles are now awaiting in apathetic misery what the future may bring. That it may hold at least life and the strength to rehabilitate themselves, strenuous efforts are being made in this country by the Polish Victims Relief Fund, the only organisation in Great Britain which provides direct means of reaching the Poles themselves. The allied Governments not having considered it practicable to place Poland upon the same footing as Belgium, her lesser sister in sorrow, it is impossible to feed, clothe and succour through a neutral committee the millions now suffering under German occupation; but, working as a branch of the "Comité Général de Secours pour les Victimes de la Guerre en Pologne," at Vevey, which is in direct contact with the Central Citizens Committee of Warsaw, now operating from headquarters at Petrograd, the Polish Victims Relief Fund has been able, through the generosity of the British public and of the Colonies, to place nearly £80,000 at the disposal of the Polish committees; these sums have been used exclusively for the benefit of the Poles and by the Poles themselves. The Central Citizens Committee of Warsaw sent half its members to Petrograd when the fall of Warsaw became imminent. In Moscow, also, the Poles are working for the welfare of their exiled fellow-countrymen. Lodging, food and clothing for hundreds of thousands have to be found, work must be sought for those who are able to work, a last home for the aged, shelter and schooling for the lost and orphaned children. All this is being done with devotion by the Polish Committees. And no one in England who has a penny, a shilling, or happier still, a pound to spare, can better employ it than by sending it to the Polish Victims Relief Fund at 11, Haymarket, London, W., for transmission to the headquarters of Polish Relief.

### ELECTRIC COOKING IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

With coal at famine price and threatening in remote neighbourhoods to become unobtainable altogether, the kitchen range looms somewhat too large in housekeeping accounts, and the problem of finding a substitute for the old-fashioned, wasteful method of cooking becomes one of financial importance. Undoubtedly the most practical alternative is electricity. A few years ago this would have been out of the question, but the introduction of the Lister-Bruston Automatic Electric Lighting and Cooking Plant has made it not only possible, but eminently practical. Briefly described, this is an absolutely self-contained, independent petrol-driven plant with a low voltage for lighting purposes and a high voltage for cooking. The plant takes up



AN ELECTRIC PLANT FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

very little room, the largest size only requiring a space of about 12ft. square and no special foundations, the cost of erection being, therefore, very small. There are no cumbersome accumulators. The system is direct, only sufficient current being stored to serve a light or two when the plant is not running or to start up with. Beyond renewing petrol and lubricating oil, no attention is necessary. The demand made through the switches produces the supply; and with regard to the petrol, some idea of the economy of the system may be obtained from the fact that one pint of low grade spirit will maintain twenty 16 c.p. lamps for an hour, while three pints will suffice to cook a dinner for six persons. Another factor that makes for economy is that the waste by electric cooking is much less than by coal fuel. For example, by the latter method a 14lb. joint shrinks to 10lb.,

whereas by electricity a raw weight of only 11lb. 10z. is required for a 10lb. cooked joint. Moreover, the electric cooker has been so much improved that any ordinary cook can grasp its principles at once. The heat can be regulated with absolute accuracy, and the absence of dirt or actual burning prolongs the life both of the stove and utensils, while the cookers themselves have been brought very near perfection during the last year or two. The Lister-Bruston system, whether for cooking, lighting or heating, can be adapted to any existing plant, and catalogues and particulars will be supplied immediately on application to R. A. Lister and Co., Limited, Dursley, Gloucestershire, and 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

### THE LONDON ORPHAN SCHOOL, WATFORD.

Among the old-established institutions which have been adversely affected by the present war is the London Orphan School, Watford. This charity has assisted for over a century a class for which sensational appeals cannot be made, but which, nevertheless, feels the pinch of adversity perhaps more keenly than any other. It comprises the children of professional men, merchants, farmers, master tradesmen and clerks and those in like positions, as well as the children of officers and warrant officers of the Imperial Forces. For these latter a number of vacancies have been declared, irrespective of election. The orphanage supports nearly 500 girls and boys, and their maintenance demands an income of £17,000 a year. Unfortunately the excessive calls upon the charitable through the war and the rise in the price of all necessities have brought the managers face to face with a very serious situation, and they are now making an earnest appeal for help to meet a deficit of over £6,000 on the year's working, due to the almost complete absence of legacies, upon which, unfortunately, they have to depend year by year. This falling off, with the added increase in cost, has obliged them to realise a portion of their comparatively small reserve. The work for the orphan children demands full and efficient maintenance, now even more than in the past, and it is hoped that, notwithstanding the claims of special war appeals, their anxiety with regard to funds will be removed. Contributions will be gladly received by the Treasurer, Mr. Arthur P. Blathwayt, or the Secretary, Mr. Henry C. Armiger, at the office, 3, Crosby Square, E.C.; or they may be paid into the account of the institution with Messrs. Glyn Mills, Currie and Co.

### SUNNY, SHELTERED WINTER RESORTS.

Holiday makers in search of some salubrious resort for the winter holidays could easily do worse than on the Sussex coast. It is bracing without being bleak, the inland formation protecting it from bitter north winds; while from its southern aspect the maximum of sunshine is assured. Occasional change of air and scenery is essential if one would keep fit, and, in the present circumstances, for a brief holiday it would be difficult to improve on the Sunny South Coast—Brighton, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Hayling Island, Southsea, Isle of Wight, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells. All have their peculiar attractions and are ideal resorts for Christmas, the hotels and boarding-houses specially catering for Christmas visitors. Particulars concerning any of these resorts will be sent to any enquirer upon applying to the Publicity Department, London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

### A CORRECTION.

In our last issue an advertisement appeared illustrating a mahogany writing bureau which is being shown by the well known firm of Messrs. Druce and Co., Limited, of Baker Street, W., as a most suitable article for a Christmas gift. We regret that, owing to an accident in the printing, certain figures dropped out, leaving the price as only £3. Our readers are requested to kindly note that the actual price should have been £3 15s.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Memoirs of the Bingham, by Rose E. McCalmont. (Spottiswoode.)
- The People in Shakespeare's Sonnets, by Sydney Kent. (Long, 2s. 6d.)
- The Kaiser's Garland, by Edmund J. Sullivan. (Heinemann, 6s.)
- The Crimes of England, by G. K. Chesterton. (Cecil Palmer and Hayward, 1s.)
- National Proverbs—Holland, compiled by Jan Fratsaert. (Frank and Cecil Palmer.)
- National Proverbs—Belgium, compiled by Jan Fratsaert. (Frank and Cecil Palmer.)
- "Poy's" War Cartoons from the *Evening News*. (Simpkin Marshall, 7d.)
- Broken Stowage, by David W. Bone. (Duckworth, 6s.)
- Pootli, by Ardeshir F. J. Chinoy and Mrs. Dinbae A. F. Chinoy. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)
- The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide, by Mary F. Sandars. (Stanley Paul, 16s.)
- Homer and History, by Walter Leaf. (Macmillan, 12s.)
- A Life of William Shakespeare, by Sir Sydney Lee. (Smith, Elder, 8s. 6d.)
- Letters written in War Time, selected by H. Wragg. (Oxford University Press, 1s.)
- The Russian Garland, edited by Robert Steele. (McBride, Nast, 2s. 6d.)
- A Woman in the Wilderness, by Winifred James. (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)
- Baily's Magazine. (1s.)
- Livestock of the Farm: Volume III, Horses, edited by Professor C. Bryner Jones. M.Sc., F.H.A.S. (Gresham Publishing Company, 7s. 6d.)
- More Belgian Playmates, by Nellie Pollock. (Gay and Hancock, 1s. 6d.)
- Ephemera, by Geoffrey Drage. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.)
- The New Empire Partnership, by Percy and Archibald Hurd. (Murray, 6s.)
- Submarines: Their Mechanism and Operation, by Frederick N. Talbot. (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.)
- With My Regiment from the Aisne to La Bassée, by "Platoon Commander." (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)
- Memoirs of M. Thiers, 1870—1873, translated by F. M. Atkinson. (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)
- Towards a Lasting Settlement, edited by Charles Roden Buxton. (Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d.)



## MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Replies to Advertisements containing Box Nos. should be addressed c/o COUNTRY LIFE Office, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

### SITUATIONS WANTED AND VACANT.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 1d. per word, minimum 2/-.

**VISITING AND CONSULTING LADY GARDENER.**—New gardens laid out: old gardens re-modelled and made beautiful. Charge undertaken during owner's absence from home. Gardens run on business lines and made to pay their way. —Mrs. SAVILL, Chobham, Woking, Surrey.

**THE HON. MRS. R. C. GROSVENOR.**—Practical Artist Gardener, Silver Medal International Exhibition, 1912. Original designs for gardens of every description, stone terraces, paving, etc. Materials and plants supplied. Work personally superintended. Estimates given. —"Morrisburne," Woking.

**TWO LADY GARDENERS.** of large practical experience, have vacancies for lady Pupils: extensive grounds; beautiful country surroundings: bracing position, three miles from coast, 300ft. above sea level. Visitors also received. —PEAKE, Udimore near Rye, Sussex.

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**COAL DIRECT—PIT PRICES.** Consult contractor to nobility and gentry. —E. R. GELL, 184, King's Norton, Birmingham.

**PORTABLE BUILDINGS.** Bungalows, Recreation Rooms, Motor Houses, Outdoor Shelters, etc. Enquiries invited. —FENN & CO., Ipswich.

**FENCING.**—Cleft Chestnut Unclimbable Fencing. Send for illustrated price list. —STANLEY UNDERWOOD CO., Shottermill, Haslemere, Surrey.

**COUNTRY HOUSE SEWAGE DISPOSAL.**—No emptying of cess-pools; no solids; no open filter beds; perfectly automatic; everything underground. —BEATTIE, 8, Lower Grosvenor Place, Westminster.

**FURNITURE.**—French gentleman requires to purchase for cash, household furniture and effects (antique and modern) for large house. —Write full particulars to "E. 562," c/o SHELLEY'S, 38, King William Street, E.C.

**COPRA COCONUT OIL, NUT BUTTER.**—Excellent 25 per cent. Investment: suit lady or gentleman: perfectly safe. —Address "Merchant, 2037," SELL'S Advertising Offices, Fleet Street, London.

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**INLAND RESORT.**—Mid Wales, Penllyn. —Fishing, shooting, hounds, golf, pony and governess car, donkey tandem, piano. Bracing and perfect air. Sheltered by thirteen-acre pine plantation. Motor accommodation. Town one-and-a-half miles. Or Let, Furnished, with or without Cook-Caretaker. —ROBERT LEWIS, Ethinog Farm, Llanidloes, Montgomery (late Central Co., Kimberley, S.A.).

### ANTIQUES.

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**OLD STUART GATE-LEGGED OAK TABLE** for SALE: double gates, corkscrew twist underframing, 5ft.; great bargain. Also old JACOBEEAN STAIRCASE in good condition, cheap. —The Old Priors' House, Crawley, Sussex.

**OLD PEWTER** is dealt with at length in "Chisseries on English Pewter," by ANTONIO DE NAVARRO, a book for all lovers of the Pewterer's Art. The book is beautifully illustrated, and can be obtained for 11/-, post free, from the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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**MAJOR RICHARDSON'S KENNELS.** GROVEND, BARKOW. SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES), as supplied our army in France for night outpost duty, guarding detached posts, etc. 5 guineas. POLICE DOGS (AIREDALES) best ladies' guards for lonely walks, best protection against tramps and burglars, town or country, yard or house. From 5 guineas. Pups, 2 guineas. BLOODHOUNDS from 20 guineas; pups, 7 guineas. ABERDEEN (SCOTCH), IRISH, FOX (rough and smooth) TERRIERS from 5 guineas; pups 2 guineas. Trains every few minutes Baker Street. Telephone 423.

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